TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 1. { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1888. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } No. 20.

Around Town.

The arrest of Manager Creighton of the *Empire* on a charge of criminal libel preferred by Premier Mercier of Quebec has caused another spasm of rebellion against the injustice of the Dominion libel law. The absurdity of the procedure is evident, but while others have suffered, and suffered severely, heretofore, it has been impossible to arouse the interest of the Dominion government sufficiently to procure a change in the law. Without wishing any ill to Mr. Creighton, who will not have to pay his own expenses or undergo anything worse than a little personal inconvenience, the newspapers of Canada have reason to be thankful to Mr. Mercier for his action, as it will no doubt bring about the change so long needed. A deputation of the Canadian Press Association visited Minister of Justice Thompson over a year ago, and have since been persistent in their attempts to have the libel law so adjusted that accused publishers would be brought into court in their own province, but without avail. Now that the Government organ and the manager thereof are interested a keener sense of the rank injustice of the present system will be felt by the Ministry, and we may hope before long to see a change. While an uninfluential publisher without party alliances was paralized for years to suffer all the tortures which could be inflicted upon him, both personally and financially, the Dominion Government felt that it could not afford to provide a measure of relief. When the sacrifice on the altar is one of their own ewe lambs it comes a little nearer home. There are newspapers in Toronto which will not permit a copy of their paper to be sent directly to the Province of Quebec for fear of a libel suit, and the present condition of affairs, without protecting the reputation of anyone or preventing the newspapers from indulging in personalities, has the effect of muzzling honest criticism and impeding a fair expression with regard to the conduct of politicians who live outside of the jurisdiction of Ontario.

***

The death of Jacob Sharp, the New York briber who purchased the votes of enough aldermen to procure the franchise of the Broadway horse-car line, has put an end to the litigation which has been prolonged for many months in order to keep him out of Sing Sing. Now that he has taken an appeal to a higher tribunal, the close of his career furnishes a lesson so pathetically instructive that those in eager and unscrupulous quest of sudden riches may read with great advantage. For years a chronic disease had threatened to put an end to his life, and yet his anxiety for greater wealth seemed to grow as the time for its enjoyment shortened. Though he bribed a score of aldermen, he contended that after all his purpose was a good one, and that New York would thank him for having put horse cars on Broadway. We have amongst us a statesman of high repute, who proposed to build the Canadian Pacific railway on the same basis and who excused his bribery by professions of patriotism. Jake Sharp kept out of Sing Sing by the employment of brilliant counsel and utilizing law's many delays. The Canadian statesman has been in office almost ever since his little escapade and the great majority of Canadians are not sorry. If it were put to vote in New York not 20 per cent. of the people would be in favor of removing the horse-cars from Broadway, and in the Dominion there are but few who would express the opinion that the Canadian Pacific railway should not have been built. Jake Sharp did not surrender his hundreds of thousands in bribery from any philanthropic motive, and it is doubtful if Canada's great Pacific railway scandal had its origin in anything else than the love of office. The similarity of the incidents, however, is sufficient to suggest to those Canadian newspapers which are continually gibing at the laxity of Yankee justice, that in Canada we are willing to forgive much and to allow offenders in high places liberty which the small sinner is never permitted to enjoy.

***

The agony of Jacob Sharp's last days and months on earth is an example of how the lust of riches can corrode and ruin the time of life which should be beautiful in contentment and noble in preparation for the hereafter. Like most rich men his money was his greatest curse and in grasping for more he found punishment, the anguish of which could not have been intensified.

***

But the trial and his sufferings have afforded the American people an example of the noblest qualities of the American wife and mother in the untiring devotion of Mrs. Sharp to her husband. While he was imprisoned in the Tombs she seemed neither to sleep nor eat. While poor Sharp, burdened by his flesh and gasping for breath was struggling feebly to maintain his hold on life, his devoted wife was by his side, soothing him, fanning him and seeking by every device known to tender womanhood to allay his sufferings. In good and evil report she ministered unto him so faithfully that almost the whole New York press, in tender regard for her loving example, has extended "its sincere and reverential sympathy." Whatever may have been the misdeeds of the husband, and they were great, the exalted devotion of the wife has hushed all criticism at his grave, and she will be cherished by the American people as an example of the noblest type of their womanhood.

***

At Athens, Ga., not long ago, a most remarkable scene was witnessed by over a thousand people. The Rev. Dr. Pridges, who had passed his forescore and four years, preached his own funeral sermon by a grave he had had dug for the occasion, and over a coffin which had been made to order. If the old man's eccentricity did not border on insanity—and there are no such indications reported—it must have been an impressive occasion. There are not many men, even if they have been ministers of the gospel, who, in sight of their own grave and looking into the coffin which is to contain their remains, would feel like delivering a very flattering discourse on their own virtues. Of the dead, at a funeral, we hear little but good, much of which would have made the corpse blush if it had been spoken before death. There are too many compliments wasted over the graves of dead rascals. One of the restraining influences of society should be the desire of a man to be spoken well of after he has gone, and if truth is sacrificed in order to flatter the friends of the departed, this influence is entirely lost. The intense longing of civilized humanity to be remembered and loved after they are gone hence is the outcome of the ever-urging sense of immortality felt by the soul. The world has no more right to heap undeserved honors on the grave of the dead than it has to condone the vices and villianies of the living. No one can be respected who hastens to attack the reputation of a dead man or to pour his vituperative slander on the memory of one who cannot return to earth to defend himself, but there is a very wide mean between the two extremes, and the panegyrist of the unholy dead is almost as despicable as the calmuniator. It must have been very touching to hear the old man say in the language of Paul that he "had not come unto them with excellency of speech or of wisdom," and that "he was with them in weakness and fear and much trembling, and my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." And in conclusion as the old patriarch lifted up his aged face to heaven and said "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him," it must have seemed to his hearers as if his vision had pierced within the veil and caught sight of the glories of the reward which he had earned. None of us will be apt to deliver our own funeral orations, but it is a worthy ambition for a man so to live that when a self-respecting preacher stands over our grave he won't blush when he says good things of us or hear the audience snicker when he expresses the belief that at the portals of heaven we will be greeted with "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

***

I went to see Jim the Penman the other night, and was considerably interested in noticing the large number of prominent lawyers who were present. They all watched the play with keen and unflagging interest. The plot and excellent acting evidently were followed as a study which they expected some day to be useful in the practice of their profession. The leading jury lawyer of this province sat within three or four seats of me, and I am sure he got some ideas which will be of benefit to him in some of the many criminal trials in which he figures so prominently. It seems odd to watch such a man with his family around him and note his undemonstrative gentleness, thoughtfulness and solicitude—there are many reasons why I know in this special case that I was watching a nature equal to great self-sacrifice—because ordinarily the world sees him professionally only, hectoring a witness, brow-beating him and pulling him to pieces as if he had neither feeling nor soul, or blandly addressing a jury and wheedling the rustic into a belief which is considerably opposed to the facts. We need to see both sides of him to appreciate or even to fairly judge of a man, and this suggested to me that while we had on the stage an example of a double life with the most attractive side given to the public, in real life there are many double lives with the more beautiful side hidden from the general gaze. As a rule, in business and among professional men, we see the rougher and more aggressive side and are startled sometimes when in a moment of kindness or repose the discovery is made of gentleness and sentiment which we never suspected. Everybody more or less leads a double life, not perhaps as Jim the Penman did, but concealing as much as possible from the world that which is considered weak and sentimental, while exhibiting almost with pride the merciless strength and ferocity of the money-hunting animal. While the two sides consist of our public and our private life it is but natural, but when we hide from the eyes that love us a part of our daily life, we approach much nearer the type of Jim the Penman, and have reason to fear that some day there will be a reckoning when the truth comes to light, and that then, even the eyes of affection will be turned from us in loathing. Perhaps there are many double lives with a mystery which will never be revealed on earth, but it is doubtful. Many a sly intrigue has been carried on with all the guile and precaution with which human foresight and duplicity could surround it, and though it may not develop into a public scandal, it is astounding how many people know all about it, and in the great majority of cases before very long everybody knows all about it, and the intriguer would give all his earthly possessions to wipe out the past. In a more limited sense, it is worth everyone's while to examine themselves, with an idea of finding out the extent of their double living. It is wonderful how much we instinctively conceal. Wives and husbands may seem to tell one another everything, and yet there is much which is never whispered between them. Almost from babyhood children commence to have their little secrets; the callow youth and simpering maiden feel that their life is empty unless they have some secret which they conceal amongst assiduously from those who have every right to be informed.

***

And some of the most double people are the pleasantest. They never tell us except what it will please us to know. It would not be much of a world if there were no secrets in it, and life is awfully prosy if once and a while we do not make a discovery. It is the same impulse which led Livingstone into Africa, Columbus to America, and has actuated every student and inventor. Even love itself is but the rapture of the discoverer who hour after hour or day by day finds some new charm. When the charms are all explored and no new beauties are to be found, love loses its eagerness and even friendship grows somewhat monotonous. In our religion we insist on having mysteries, and that which we know all about we are apt to care nothing for. As long as the world lasts each one will tear pages out of life's book, fold them carefully and hide them away for some day when they will be found and give a world of trouble to explain. These little mysteries are the spice of life, and the man or woman prone to tell all they know or to show everything they are will be voted a bore, while shadows and secrets and pensive eyes which seem to hide a world of sighs will excite romantic conjecture and be the magnet to which the gaze of the world will turn.

THE INATTENTIVE SCHOLAR.

I have received the following communication from the Rev. W. Frizzell, which explains itself:—

SIR,—In your issue of April 7, you treat the public to some strictures on the action of Toronto Presbytery for adopting a report read by myself at its last meeting; and in doing so hold me responsible for the views set forth therein, touching the Salvation Army and secret societies.

As your strictures are calculated to make a false impression on the public mind, will you kindly allow me to explain my own relation to the report, and to state what the Presbytery really did in adopting it?

If you are acquainted with Presbyterian modes of procedure you will know that the General Assembly, through a committee, puts certain questions to ministers and elders (who constitute the Session) every year, with a view of ascertaining the state of religious life in every congregation. My duty, as convener of the committee on the state of religion, was simply to collate the answers and present a connected summary of them to the Presbytery, without in any way becoming responsible for the views expressed.

One question put to Sessions this year, among five others is: "What are the special hindrances to your work?"

As the two points to which you take strong exception come in in answer to this question, I shall not refer to the other questions. One Session in answering the above question mentioned, among other hindrances, the Salvation Army. As I understood it, there was no intention whatever to belittle the work of the Salvation Army, but simply to indicate that their public parades on the Lord's day sometimes interfered with the Sunday schools and disturbed the quite of the hours of worship.

Another Session in answering the same question referred to secret societies. Let me give the answer in full, so that the public may see the connection in which it comes:

"Too much apathy on the part of older members. Too much worldliness allowed by our members in society. *Too much affiliation with secret societies, taking time and money and influence which should be given directly to Christ in His Church.* Too much unbelief on the part of all of us."

In adopting the report, the Presbytery did not by that act make these views its own. It simply adopted them as the views of individual Sessions.

You will see from these statements that there is no ground for the assumption that the undersigned had any desire to do, what you say, his name suggests. I only wish your own name, sir, were more suggestive of the charity and justice of Him whose name is spelled with an "h" in the last syllable, as well as in the first. It is marvellous how uncharitable some people can be in criticizing others for the want of charity.

Yours etc.,

W. FRIZZELL.

Toronto, April 11th, 1888.

In the last paragraph Bro. Frizzell is evidently attempting to retaliate for last week's pun on his name. I don't know how an "h" could be introduced into Don very well unless I spelled it Dhon. Neither do I know what grounds he has for imagining my name is anything else than Don. I cannot well see where he finds the marvellous uncharity of my remarks anent the report of the Presbytery. He doesn't think much of the report himself or he would not take so much pains to unload it on the Sessions. Either he is in harmony with the report or he is not. If he is, why does he blame somebody else; if he is not, why didn't he say so in the Presbytery? In the nineteenth century a man is not expected to be a machine even under the discipline of the Presbytery. In the explanation, mark one thing: "As I understood it, there was no intention whatever to belittle the work of the Salvation Army, but simply to indicate that their public parades on the Lord's day sometimes interfered with the Sunday schools and disturbed the quiet of the hour of worship." Verily, this is a serious complaint, and while I feel that the quiet of the Sabbath is a beautiful thing, one can hardly find reason for classing the Salvation Army with rum and worldliness, and all sorts of wickedness, because some gentlemen of the sessions have been disturbed while their pastor was preaching to them, by the sound of a sacred hymn sung perhaps a little out of tune to the beating of a drum. Doesn't it savor a little of fault-finding and over-fastidiousness? Paul and Barnabas were brought before the authorities for a religious disturbance in the olden times, and, I have no doubt, had the Presbytery been in session, and Brother Frizzell had been presenting the report denouncing such disturbances, he would have felt it his duty to voice the complaint that the itinerant preachers were "turning the world upside down." Altogether I do not think the explanation makes the position of Bro. Frizzell and the Presbytery much stronger. As to the charge of uncharity preferred against myself, I at least have enough charity to permit the Salvationists to worship in their own way, and not to class them and secret societies among the chief stumbling blocks in the way of religious progress.

DON.

An Inattentive Scholar.

The picture on this page is by Thurmann, and represents a monkish teacher of the olden time endeavoring to impart some knowledge to an idle girl, who seems to care nothing for the lessons and is in the act of throwing a rose at her none too austere tutor.

FINE ART PHOTOGRAPHS.—Unmounted photographs, four sizes, reproduced from ancient and modern paintings, sculpture, etc., from 25 cents. Catalogue detailing 13,000 various subjects, 25 cents. Address Soule Photograph Co., 127 Wellington west, Toronto.

Sometime, when we are here, together sitting—
You leaning back within your willow chair—
With mellow firelight shadows vaguely flitting
Across your winsome eyes and crimpy hair;

Your supple wrist across your banjo hanging—
Your red lips crooning in a merry rhyme,
With fingers, now and then, a gay note twanging,
And satin slippers slowly keeping time,

Just like the old song—"You and I together,"
A pretty woman in a pretty gown,
And who would care for cold, or stormy weather,
With no one nigh to question or to frown?

Sometime, I say, as still I watch the glimmer
Of shadows dancing on your wavy hair,
I'll speak to you, while firelight waxes dimmer,
And breathe the burden of my fancies rare.

Will you be angry if I bend above you
And whisper something softly in your ear,
Something—I long to tell you—for I love you;
Something 'tis surely right that you should hear?

Will you look up and laugh, or call me "horrid,"
Will soft smiles break among your blushes hot,
Sweet, when I say, "The curls upon your forehead
Are three shades lighter than your Clytie knot?"

KITTIE K., *on Judge.*

Society.

A taste for amateur theatricals is being rapidly developed in Toronto. In addition to those well-known amateurs who have so successfully wooed the smiles of fame on the boards of the Grand Opera House, there are others whose offerings at the shrine of Thalia have been received with favor by the benign goddess. Amongst others we might mention the names of Miss Lee, Miss Mabel Lee, Miss Taylor, Miss Leila Taylor, Mr. Maurice Taylor, of whom SATURDAY NIGHT may have more to say in its next issue.

•

If contrasted with its immediate predecessors the present week must be said to have shown a certain revival in the fashionable world. I heard Mrs. Cawthra's charming ball compared to an oasis in a desert, but the comparison only held good insomuch as the occasion referred to has been the only really notable event in the annals of society since Lent. A time which has been fruitful in five o'clock teas, in dinner parties and theater parties galore, cannot truly be called a desert. It may, perhaps, be likened to a country which some people would dub tame and uninteresting, since its flatness was only relieved by hills and mounds of no great height and no special beauty.

•

Mrs. John Cawthra's At Home last Saturday afternoon was in all respects a worthy precursor of her ball this week. Much that is most brilliant and nearly all that is most beautiful in Toronto society went Beverley streetwards on that day. There has been no glut even of "afternoons" lately, and as Mrs. Cawthra's guests numbered perhaps two hundred, there can have been but few absentees amongst those she had invited. The beauties of Mrs. Cawthra's rooms, her delicate china and good pictures formed a framing worthy of those whom they framed. But the dance has eclipsed the At Home, and I must reserve myself for the latter.

•

A busy period has this week set in for those who are to take part in the various entertainments which in May will draw the town to the art fair. On Wednesday evening in the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists on King street west was held the first rehearsal of the performers in Mrs. Fitzgibbon's "May Masque." As was natural at the first attempt the meeting was somewhat confused. Few of the ladies and gentlemen present seemed quite to understand what they were going to do, or what was the exact nature of the scenes they were going to enact. A babel of questioning voices was not to be wondered at, but it was difficult for the fair directresses to make their authority felt.

•

Rehearsals for Mrs. Vernon's minuet, begun last week, have been actively continued this week. Both *executants* and *executantes* already begin to know something of the puzzling steps and unaccustomed postures required of them. All of them at least once have been to see Erminie to witness the gavotte in the last act of the opera, and to learn as much from it as they could. A gavotte, by the way, is not a minuet—the figures are not the same, although the steps are much alike.

•

Too late for more than mere mention this week on Friday afternoon Mrs. Cattenach gave a successful At Home. For some reason or other Friday has all through this winter seemed to be the most popular of fashionable nights at the theater. Yesterday was no exception to this rule, and a particularly smart audience graced the auditorium of the Grand Opera house. No less than three theater parties were announced for last night, of which the largest and probably most talked of was that of Mr. John Hays. This gentleman secured all the boxes for the accommodation of his friends.

•

Following the good example of so many hostesses who have found that Saturday is the best afternoon for an At Home, Mrs. H. D. Ellis, of St. Patrick street, has issued invitations for to-day. Ever popular as Miss Maude Armstrong, this lady is no less so as Mrs. Ellis, and few of those whom she has asked will fail to seek St. Patrick street to-day.

•

The evening of Saturday of last week was signalized by two large dinner-parties given by bachelors—the one by Mr. Pipon and Mr. Gamble Geddes, the other by Mr. George Michie at the house on John street occupied by him and Mr. Forbes Michie since they deserted their well-known cottage on St. George street. The following gentlemen were guests at one or the other of the above parties—let those whom it may amuse to do so assign to each guest a host—Messrs. Brodrick, Dickson, Albert Nordheimer, Hume Blake, Botte, Capt. Sears, Messrs. Shanly, William Spratt.

•

It is well for the Toronto lawn tennis club that Mr. Hayes has once more been induced to fill the arduous post of honorary secretary. No one could be found amongst the members of such untiring energy as Mr. Hayes. It is in great part owing to his unwearying efforts that the club has maintained its supremacy at the head of lawn tennis in Canada, during the last few years. Mr. Hayes underwent a severe illness in the early part of the winter, but a trip to Europe seems to have done him the good he needed.

•

Miss Armour has left town for her home in Cobourg.

•

Miss Morris of Guelph is the guest of Mrs. Merritt, St. George street.

•

Mrs. Fred Grasett gave an afternoon tea at her residence, 208 Simcoe street, last Friday.

•

Mrs. John Boulton, 11 Grange road, had a small tea on Friday afternoon at which were present Miss Madeline Cameron, Miss Mabel Heward, Capt. Sears, Miss Burton, Mr. George W. Torrance, Mr. Shanly, Mr. Scott, Mr. Harry Gamble and others.

•

Mrs. Galbraith, 9 Czar street, had a tea yesterday at her house.

•

The marriage of Miss Denison, daughter of Lieut.-Col. Geo. T. Denison of Hydon Villa, Toronto, to Mr. Alex. Kirkpatrick, eldest son of Mr. George B. Kirkpatrick, of Coolmine, Toronto, which has been anticipated for sometime, took place at St. Anne's church, on Tuesday at noon. The ceremony was performed in the presence of only immediate connections of the contracting parties on account of the recent death of the bridegroom's mother, and was very unostentatious. The bride's wedding gown was of creamy silk, simply made, with the conventional veil of plain tulle and orange blossoms. The two bridesmaids, Miss Denison and Miss Julia Denison, wore becoming frocks of China silk, primrose and eau de Nile respectively. The Reverend T. C. Street-Macklem, a brother of the bride's deceased mother, assisted by the rector, Rev. McLean Ballard, read the marriage service, and afterwards the party repaired to Heydon Villa, where breakfast was partaken of previous to the young couple's departure for the States on the honeymoon, on the 3.55 p. m. train. Lieut-Col. and Mrs. George T. Denison's guests on this occasion were Rev. T. C. and Mrs. Street-Macklem, the Messrs. Kirkpatrick, Capt. and Mrs. Septimus Denison, Mr. W. Standish Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. Fleming, Mr. Geo. B. Kirkpatrick, Col. Fred. Denison, C. M. G., M. P., and Mrs. Denison, Rev. McLean Ballard, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Capt. and Mrs. Clarence Denison, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, Col. R. B. Denison, and Miss Mair of Perth, sister of the hostess.

•

Mrs. Reginald Northcote is lying seriously ill at her husband's house on Huron street. This lady, as Miss Belle Scott before her marriage, was a great belle and celebrated beauty of the blonde type, and her many friends anxiously await news of her speedy recovery.

•

Great was the stir on Beverley street between the hours of nine and ten o'clock on Tuesday night. At the corner of Baldwin street lights streamed from every window of Mrs. Cawthra's house, sounds of music were to be heard from within and carriage after carriage discharged its load of beauty and chivalry at her hospitable doors. None of the qualities which have secured the success of so many a dance this winter were wanting at Mrs. Cawthra's.

•

The house is a large one, and the guests, numbering perhaps a hundred and fifty people, were not at all too many for its capacity. The floor of the large double drawing-room upstairs was as perfect for dancing purposes as have been so many ball-room floors in the far-off days before Lent. A season of rest has not caused Mr. Corlett's hand to lose its cunning. The time both in valse and polka was as good as ever, while an addition to his repertoire in the shape of the valse from Dorothy was hailed with pleasure, since the charms of that tuneful opera have not yet had time to grow stale. A vigor born of the long period of enforced quiet characterized the dancing, while nothing can prove how untiring were the limbs of the dancers better than the fact that the hour of 3 a.m. was close at hand before the majority of them ceased from their exertions. I need hardly say that dancing pure and simple did not monopolize everybody, and that the charming conservatories and many cosy sitting rooms found their many admirers. The occasion was graced amongst others by Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, the Misses Yarker, Miss Maud Vankoughnet, the Misses Wragge, the Misses Beatty, the Misses Burton, Mr. George Burton, the Messrs. Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, the Misses Merritt and Miss Hamilton Merritt, Miss Campbell and Mr. Mayne Campbell, Miss Mabel Cawthra, Mr. Victor Cawthra, the Misses Beardmore, Mr. George Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Beardmore, Colonel and Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Bankes, Miss Morris, Miss Minnie Morris of Guelph, the Misses Boulton, Mr. Arthur Boulton, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Miss Dawson, MissInce, Mr. Ince, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Miss Benson, Miss Robinson, Miss Cumberland, Miss Osler, Mr. Osler, the Misses Larratt-Smith, Miss Brough, Miss Baldwin, Miss Morrison, Dr. and Mrs. Arthur Grasett, Mrs. Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Merritt, the Misses Todd, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, the Misses Spratt.

•

The success scored by the first ball since Lent was so great that I can only say to other fair hostesses—go thou and do likewise!

•

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon have left for a short visit to Ottawa, so that Government House is bereft of all its occupants. But how will the minuet fare during the absence of its direct reis? In little more than a month's time the Art Fair will have opened, and performers in the numerous shows have their work fully cut out for them.

•

Does any one ever think what expensive, useless and bothersome articles dancing cards, otherwise programmes, are at an evening party? Yes, I am sure they do, because it is the frequency of the laments and invectives against them that I hear, that prompts me to say these few words for their abolishment. As little Mr. Weedon Grossmith used to say in his whining voice, in a rehearsal, "Why have Babes?" I repeat "Why have programmes?" It is not usually a hostess' taste that provides them for her guests, and in most cases it is not the guests' tastes that are consulted in the provision. Then, why are they thrust on one, as one of the few "yet to be abolished" disagreeable attributes of a dancing party or ball?

•

It is the non-committal, experienced habit of a worldling who goes to a party to enjoy himself, rather than to see how many different names can be arranged on the dancing card, that expostulates and demands the banishment of the programme.

•

Probably at first the abolition of this old-fashioned custom might cause some occasional little annoyances, such as a man not seeing a favorite or particular partner until the evening was over, through his or her fault in not being actively engaged in dancing or seeking partners. But as the adoption of the custom became more pronounced the satisfaction derived could not fail but be universal.

•

In all the most aristocratic houses in London cards are omitted now for balls and parties. They are considered a nuisance.

•

The custom has been tested here, and people are prejudiced because on those few occasions the dance has been a small and informal one—the piano being played steadily probably for half an hour and then stopped for a quarter of an hour, and the irregularity makes confusion and forces two people, mayhap, to sit together and make conversation when they are both frightfully bored by each other, because one cannot find an excuse to get away without appearing rude, and the other is afraid to send the partner away without seeming rude also.

•

If the custom were accepted here, gentlemen would soon learn to keep their eyes open for somebody they really wanted to dance with, and would not be forced to spend more than one dance with anyone they did not want to. There would be no more wallflowers than there are now, and the best would be that any two people discovering each other to be specially congenial, could enjoy a *tete-a-tete* of any length without giving offence to a promised partner. Think of the annoyance which would be saved those who would be otherwise "cheated" out of a dance.

Coming Concerts.

The Madame Carreno piano recital at the Pavilion on the 9th promises to be a musical treat, and will no doubt be attended by a fashionable audience. Plan is now open at Suckling's.

A concert in aid of the church decorative fund will be given in St. George's schoolhouse on Monday evening. A trio from Dorothy, by Mrs. Torrance, Miss Morgan and Mr. George Burton will be one of the attractions.

A concert will be given in St. Stephen's schoolhouse by the Ladies' Aid and Benevolent society on Tuesday evening. An attractive programme is promised.

My Lady's Heart.

There is a tuneful instrument
Of a mellifluous concent,
The secret of whose harmony
Is understood alone by me.
My master, Love—'tis safe to say
That four-and-twenty hours a day
Of practice should the skill impart
Of playing on my lady's heart.

Responsive to my lightest touch
Our mutual accord is such
With equal ease I make a cry
Or sentimental symphony,
A song of love, a merry air,
A wail of anguish or despair,
Such are my themes whene'er I start
The music of my lady's heart.

Happy I strike a note of woe
And find it sweet, too, for I trow
The hand that stirred the mournful strain
Can turn it unto joy again.
But liking well this power to wield
Too often to its spell I yield,
And twang, I fear, with cruel art
The strings upon my lady's heart.

ENVOY.

Yet, O my sweetheart! chide me not!
To-day's distress is soon forgot.
My solace and my joy thou art,
O sensitive, O tuneful heart!

CLARA GREEN.

MR. H. M. FIELD'S

PIANO RECITAL

Will take place on the 4th of May, in the Pavilion

Mr. Field will be assisted by an eminent vocalist and his programme will embrace several unique and heretofore unheard compositions from masters ancient and modern.

Plan opens at Nordheimer's, on April 30th.

E. BEETON

WATCH SPECIALIST

Repairing of CHRONOMETERS, REPEATERS

And other complicated watches my forte.

ADELAIDE STREET, OPPOSITE POST OFFICE

GUITAR LESSONS

Instructions given on the Guitar by

MRS. E. FOX, 39 Carleton Street

TERMS GIVEN ON APPLICATION.

OPENING.

New Millinery and Dressmaking

ESTABLISHMENT

113 KING STREET WEST

On Wednesday, March 28th, Mrs. Smiley will be prepared to show a choice selection of French, English and American Millinery, together with leading Novelties in Dress Goods, Trimmings, etc.

Her Dressmaker, who has just returned from Paris and New York will be in waiting to receive orders on and after that date.

Have you been at

CHEESEWORTH'S

THE TAILOR

If not you should go at once and see his magnificent assortment of new goods, for both Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear, comprising all the novelties for the coming season. His facilities for doing business are unequalled in the Dominion (separate departments for Ladies' work).

106 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

R. RANDOLPH ARNDELL

Royal Academy of Music, London.

Cultivation of the Voice and Piano

TERMS AT NORDHEIMER'S.

JAMES PAPE

FLORAL ARTIST

78 Yonge Street, Toronto

Specialties for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the Shortest Notice.

Telephone 1461. Conservatories, 167 Carlaw Av., Queen St. East.

J. FRASER BRYCE

PHOTOGRAPHER

107 KING STREET WEST

S. J. Thompson & Co.

Real Estate Brokers

Mail Buildings

CHINA HALL

49 King Street East, Toronto.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Five o'clock Cups and Saucers,
Five o'clock Tea Sets,
Five o'clock Teapots and Kettles,
Biscuit Jars and Cheese Covers,
Honey, Marmalade and Butter Pots
Fancy Jugs, Teapots and Teapot Stands,
Fish, Game and Oyster Sets,
Cut Glass Table Sets, fine assortment,
Table Ornaments, fine variety,
Breakfast, Dinner and Dessert Sets,
Joseph Rodgers & Sons' Cutlery,
Silverplated Knives, Forks and Spoons,
Tea Trays, Crumb Trays and Dish Mats,
Fairy Lights, a large assortment,
Old Chipendale Grandfather Clocks.

GLOVER HARRISON

$20,000 WANTED

In the next thirty days, to raise this amount we are selling our immense stock off at

LESS THAN WHOLESALE PRICES

NOW IS THE TIME FOR

BARGAINS

SEE PRICES IN WINDOW.

Call in and examine stock. All goods marked in

PLAIN FIGURES

C. & J. ALLEN

29 KING STREET WEST

Jewelry and Watches Manufactured and Repaired on the Premises. y

MR. FORSTER'S ART STUDIO

King Street East.

PORTRAIT PAINTING A SPECIALTY

OUR DONKEY PARTY

OUR PUTTING THE TAIL ON THE DONKEY

The funniest, most amusing game out, it cause more innocent laughter and merriment than any game in the market. Prizes can be given as in progressive euchre. Samples sent to any address on receipt of 50c. in stamps.

F. QUA & CO.'S, 49 King Street West

The trade supplied by the TORONTO NEWS CO.

W. A. MURRAY & CO.

Have Special Pleasure in calling the attention of the Ladies who read "Saturday Night" to their magnificent display of High-Class Novelties in

DRESS FABRICS, DRESS SILKS,

Cotton Washing Textures, Embroidered Robes, Lace Flouncings, Allover Laces, Embroideries, Jetted Laces, Dress Trimmings, Buttons, Ribbons, Hosiery, Gloves, Underwear, Corsets, Skirts, Parasols, Umbrellas, Mantles, Costumes, Millinery and Household Furnishings of every description. Largest Retail Stock in the Dominion to choose from, and at price guaranteed lower than any other First-Class House in the Trade.

Inspection and Correspondence respectfully solicited by

W. A. MURRAY & CO.,

DIRECT IMPORTER, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25 AND 27 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO

THE YATISI CORSET

Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer th atease and grace so much admired in French ladies.

The Yatisi Corset, owing to the peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible.

The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.

The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.

The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.

Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.

The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped, and no other is genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY

THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

Prince Oscar of Sweden is not the only royal person who believes in love in a cottage. It is only a few months since the Princess Dagmar married Mr. Thomas, United States Consul-General. She is said to be very pretty, and although only about two months in Washington has learned to converse readily in the English language. She is much pleased with America, where it is needless to say she has many friends.

•

There are only two wedding meals—tea and breakfast. Nobody who knows anything of correct social parasecology speaks of wedding luncheons or dinners.

•

Debutantes, not yet out in society, do not pay formal calls. When any acknowledgment of hospitality or other courtesy extended to them becomes necessary, the mother calls or leaves cards.

•

Debutantes do not generally call without their mothers accompanying them but when, for some reason they are obliged to go alone they leave their mother's card with their own name written or printed beneath hers.

•

Tam o' Shanters are still fashionable for children. Caps are most comfortable for infants as they can lie down even when arrayed in them. The cambric hat, however, is equally comfortable and more boyish looking for baby boys.

•

Tan gloves of undress kid, in elbow lengths, are still most fashionable for evening wear, although pink and yellow gloves generally accompany and accord best with evening dresses of these shades.

•

English females telegraphers are, I think, very liberally dealt with. Their hours range from nine a.m. to five p.m., or from ten to six. Their posts are taken at noon by relieving clerks. A species of club lunch is served in the building. The bill of fare comprises soup, fish, joints, entrees and cheese from which a selection may be made at prices ranging from twelve and a half to twenty-five cents. Should any of the clerks be compelled to remain until eight p. m., tea is brought to them at their desks by a neat waitress. Over time is paid for but not encouraged. The rate of remuneration for ordinary hours is from $2 50 to $6 per week. Chief clerkships, which are the prizes of the profession, pay from $500 to $1,000 per year. During the hours of four to eight, and six to eight on Saturdays, if work be not pressing, the girls are allowed to read or sew. A lady doctor is constantly on the premises who gives advice and medicine gratis, and orders away to Brighton or Hastings any for whom recuperation may be necessary. While there they work but three hours per day, receiving meantime their full salaries and free medical attendance, as well as extra living expenses and return second-class railway fare.

•

It is necessary for the girls to learn to manipulate four instruments—the Morse, the sounder, the single needle and the Wheatstone perforator.

•

Three weeks' holidays, annually, are allowed all grades of clerks.

•

See-saw! See saw! How Dame Fashion must laugh and grow fat as she sees one end of the board "saw up" in England, while the other end "saws down" in Turkey, and vice versa. Whilst English ladies at Her Majesty's drawing-rooms are at last permitted to reveal only so many of their charms as may be, in their own opinion, consistent with their age, health, or the state of the weather, the Sultan of Turkey, in defiance of the long established custom of his country, has declared in favor of decollete dresses, and has decreed that the ladies of his harem shall hereafter follow European fashion in this respect.

•

The "snowflake" design in dress goods is popular again especially in the striped portion of combination dresses.

•

Tints appear in all wool goods, for street wear, which were formally relegated to evening and the drawing room. Dresses are again made with waterfall backs and I do not wonder at the popularity of this very lady like style. The trimming on hats seems to have veered round to the sides, where feathers and ribbons are piled to an awe-inspiring height.

One scarcely knows whether to smile or not on reading a paragraph such as the following clipping from an English paper: "The growing Canadian cities, however, doubtless afford openings for any energetic mind-worker, while the farm settlements give fields for lady helps, governesses or storekeepers."

•

The article is addressed indiscriminately to middle class women. It must be remembered that the middle class in England may be again divided into upper, middle and lower grades, and in the highest of these the women compare, in point of refinement and education, perhaps more than favorably with people occupying first class social positions in Canada. Were these vacancies here suitable to such women, where the duties were of a nondescript character, perhaps more those of a hostess or a chatelaine than anything else, and which a woman of education might dignify, I should but too gladly commend this wholesale emigration.

•

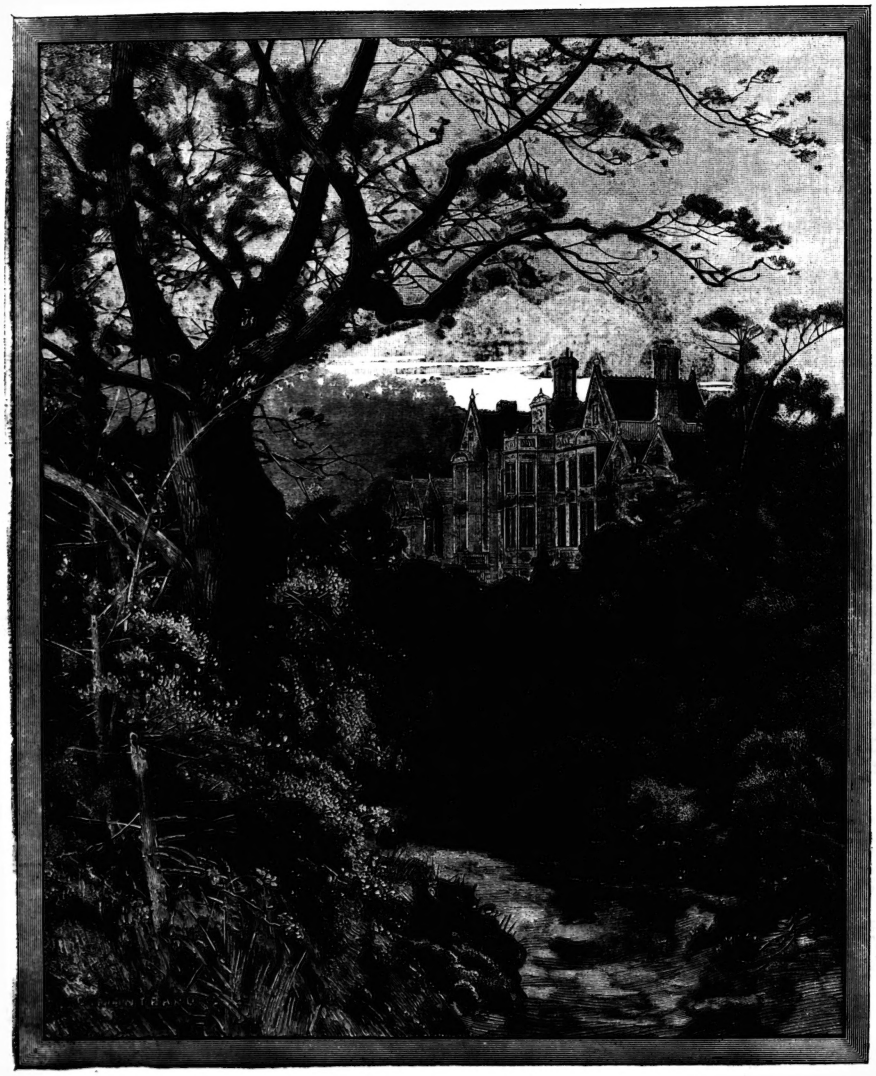
But there are no such vacancies. These women leave England with a vague hope of immediate employment as matrons, governesses, housekeepers or lady helps. The number of public institutions in Canada requiring matrons would not furnish occupation for twenty extra people. The respective positions of governess and housekeeper involve duties, in this country, such as could not fail to meet with indignant protest from women who had filled positions in the Old Country similar in name but vastly dissimilar in rank.

•

As for the lady help in new farming settlements the proverbial bull in the china shop could scarcely be more out of place. Nobody who has seen the *gentleman* help come into the kitchen after a hard day's work, perform his ablutions, comb his hair with the remnant of comb—in which the rest of the household claim a community of interest—remove his boots and luxuriate for the evening in his stocking soles, can fail to understand how uncongenial such an atmosphere would be to the refined, though indigent, middle-class woman.

The paragraph quoted might have been much more correctly addressed only to those of the lower middle-class, for therein might be found a greater degree of adaptability to the modes and customs of Canadian farm settlements and to the necessity which might arise for roughing it in any capacity.

NUOVA AULA.



Sandringham, Norfolk, the Country Residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

A Bud.

Oh! Grace was tall,
And Grace was fair;
She wore a rosebud
In her hair.

And Jack the Bold,
Who saw it there,
With nerve most cold
Stole unaware

And plucked the rose,
Then kissed it soft,
Ah! heaven knows,
I don't, how oft.

But Grace the Sly,
Arch debutante,
With roguish eye
Said: "Jack, why can't

You save a few
Until you see
How rare a bud
I chance to be?"

Art and Artists.

The artistic world of Canada is not large in respect to the number of its inhabitants, and, except on state occasions, is very seldom heard of. When the manipulators of the brush are working away quietly, scarcely a ripple on the surface indicates to the public that they are alive. It is not a bad sign, however, for a man, or a class, to be unheard of for considerable periods now and again. The man who is perpetually exhibiting himself and his works does not usually have time to do any works worth exhibiting. When Milton wrote Paradise Lost, and when Phidias produced his masterpieces for the Parthenon, the rise and progress of the work was not chronicled day by day. The best work of that kind is done in private, and the artist who has the proper temperament will be the most unwilling that his work should be brought before the public in any way before it has been completed. Still it requires a patience which few possess to toil away without encouragement for a reward which may never come, and at best is afar off. Therefore I think a little judicious encouragement would greatly assist our artists in their work, and spur them on to the highest limit of their powers.

•

We hear a great deal of talk on the subject of a national literature at the present time, but never a word about a national art—outside of artistic circles, at least. The two ofity go hand in hand, and in a day not long gone by, perhaps more than at the present time, we have seen representatives of both the arts living and working harmoniously together. The literary man has advantages over his brother, in the fact that his work can be multiplied indefinitely and placed in the homes of our people for a small sum. With the artist the people must come to the work, and the result is easily determined. The old masters in literature are to be found in thousands of the farm houses in Canada and in the hands of persons who never saw a good modern painting. Of late years the reproduction of works of art has been greatly facilitated by the discovery of new processes of engraving and the perfecting of old ones, but it will be a long time yet, if it can ever become an assured fact, before the artist and author can stand on equal footing. Many men who follow the plough or stand at the anvil are familiar with, and can see the beauties of the best literature, ancient and modern, but did they ever see the remains of the genius of Phidias, the magnificent ruins of the palmy days of Grecian and Roman art, the artistic treasures of Rome, Florence, Venice, the Louvre, and the British Museum? They know not who Michael Angelo, Titian, Rubens were, much less what works their fame rests upon. It is difficult to educate a people in art. The process must be exceedingly slow, but every man who has an interest in his country will gladly assist every sensible movement for the education of the people in art as well as in literature.

•

The object of the Canadian academy, as voiced by the president, is to work towards the founding of what might be called a national art; to put on canvas the different aspects of Nature as she presents herself to us in Canada. We have here, not a strongly marked national type in our people as yet, but we have effects of color and form in earth, air and water distinctively our own; and it is of the representation of these and life, as it appears in these settings, that for a time our national art must consist. We have not yet the people of leisure and wealth whose patronage is the life of art, but we are growing in that direction, and it behooves those of our countrymen who belong to that class to do all they can for those who are struggling after the high ideal.

•

The reception of the Associated Artists at their rooms, M. and N., Yonge street Arcade, which we noticed briefly last week was very pleasant and successful. Many of Toronto's artists and literary people inspected the students' work. Among them were Dr. Scadding, Col. Gzowski, Hamilton MacCarthy, L. R. O'Brien, James Smith, R.C.A., Miss T. Sutherland and others, whose travel and continental training led them to appreciate the serious studies of the pupils of this institution. The walls of the room were covered with designs for wall paper, wood carving, metal work, stained glass, textile fabrics, etc., which were more like professional than amateur work. Numerous excellent specimens of work from the antique, paintings from life, sketches and modelling in clay were exhibited.

"Aw Cholly, I, aw, want to awsk you a widdle!"

"Fire away, deah boy."

"If one cigaw will make a man ill, will two make a manilla?" (Chorus)—Haw! haw! haw!

"Yes, gentlemen," said the colonel, as he returned his glass to the counter, "the true soldier is never averse to discipline. No matter how objectionable orders from a superior officer may be, they must be obeyed promptly and without question. The true soldier never ——" "Pa," said the colonel's little boy, opening the door, "ma says to come home right away." "Gentlemen," said the colonel, "good day."

In 1811 Capt. Decatur of the United States navy, commanding the frigate United States, met Capt. Carden of the British navy, commanding the Macedonia. It was just prior to the war of 1812, and, while talking about the chances, Carden said to Decatur, "If you and I ever meet after hostilities are declared, I'll bet you a silk hat that the Macedonia will capture the United States." "I'll bet you a silk hat you don't," was the reply. The two frigates met on October 15, 1812, and after a bloody fight the English flag was lowered. Decatur hastened on board the prize, and Carden tendered his sword. "D——n your sword, Carden!" said Decatur, "I bet you a silk hat, and as we're a long way from a hatter I'll take the one you wear." The hat was given.

FIRST PART OF THE THREE-PART STORY.

Nelly Nettlefold's Lovers.

CHAPTER I.

APRIL FOOLS' DAY.

But 'tis a thing to be discussed
Which is the greatest fool reputed—
The man that innocently woos
Or he that him designedly sets.

It was the night of the 31st of March, a blusterous breezy night, the white wind-clouds scudding before the moon; the trees swayed and creaked.

An old-fashioned gig, drawn by a well-conditioned beast, came along the rough high-road and the driver paused before the inn at Maybury threw the reins to a boy, who sat huddled up beside him, and springing down undid the horse's bridle that he might drink at the horse-pond that lay outside the inn-door.

Sitting in the old-fashioned bar was a cherry-checked, bright-eyed little woman in a brown silk dress, with neat cuffs and collar of fine linen; her shapely head was crowned with bright brown braids, and she had the most winning smile and delightful dimples imaginable.

"Good evening, Mrs. Nettlefold; this is a rough night."

"It is, indeed, Mr. Warden. You're out late."

"Yes; I've been to market and dined with my old friend, Dr. Gull."

"How's your sister?"

"Much as usual, ma'am."

"Ah, poor thing, she has much to endure."

"She has, ma'am, but believes in the promise of 'No cross, no crown.'"

"What can I get you, Mr. Warden?"

"Brandy hot, if you please."

"Won't you come in and sit by the fire? It is more cheerful."

"Gladly ma'am, if you'll send Jem to see to my horse, and give the boy a crust of bread-and-cheese."

Amos Warden was an ungainly man of middle age, with a pleasant, plain face, and a pair of steadfast gray eyes. He was dressed in a rough shooting-suit, and carried his hat in his hand as he passed his hostess as courteously as if she were a princess.

Amos Warden had for years past—ever since her husband's death, in fact—been her confidential friend and adviser, and, if she would have consented, would have aspired to a nearer and dearer title, but she had been so clearly given him to understand that what he most desired on earth could not be.

She had often laughed, tearfully, 'tis true, over his clumsy love-making, but she trusted and esteemed him sincerely, knowing his honest worth as well as she did the unstable glitter of her favored adorer's character, for the pretty widow was privately engaged to the handsome scapegrace son of good old Dr. Gull, whom she adored with all the unreasoning warmth of her womanly heart.

Amos Warden sipped his grog, and puffed stolidly at his pipe in profound silence.

Mrs. Nettlefold saw the boy had all he required, and returned to the parlor, bringing a breath of the sharp clear air in the folds of her dainty dress.

"I want you to have a bit of supper with me, Mr. Warden; I've got something you like."

She lifted the lid of a shining copper saucepan, and a savory smell regaled the nose of the hungry man.

"Curried chicken, ma'am!"

"Yes, curried chicken. Susan will bring in the supper-tray directly. It is a long drive across the heath to the farm, and something warm will do you good; these spring nights are very cold."

A buxom woman brought in a tray and set supper for two on a little table in the corner, out of sight of any chance comers to the bar. Mrs. Nettlefold helped her guest liberally, and was as delighted as only a competent cook can be to see he did justice to the good things provided.

She blushed hotly when Amos said kindly: "Well, Mistress Nell, when is the wedding to be?"

"What wedding, Mr. Warden?"

"Why, yours and young Gull's. Nay, don't toss your pretty head, my girl; bear with your old friend patiently. That young fool is going on worse than ever. His father is determined to reform him or kick him out of the house; if ever you intend to marry him now's your time; marriage with such a sweet good woman ought to steady any right-feeling man."

"You don't know what you are talking about, Amos. I can't ask Tom to marry. He is young and giddy yet, but he has a good affectionate heart and loves me truly."

"Ah, he is not worthy of you, Nelly."

"And you are, I suppose! I believe 'tis envy makes you so hard on him."

"Maybe it is, my girl; but I should be sorry if ever your love for your future husband should sap our friendship. I don't deny I love you well, and yet, you know, I don't begrudge you happiness, and I think if ever Tom is to change for your sake, it is time he did so; the whole town is talking of his recklessness. If his mother had not been fool enough to leave him all her money he might have been a better man. I am anxious for you, my girl—not jealous or envious, I assure you. If I saw you happy I could rest content, but you are not happy; many's the bitter tear you've shed over that young scamp."

"Well, suppose I have, Amos, I am free to cry over what I will, and women must have something, you know, or they'd not be happy. Well, suppose I tell you a secret. I've given Master Tom to understand that unless he steadies down quick, sharp, I take another husband to spite him."

"That's right, Nelly; it does not do to make too much of a man. We are selfish creatures, we men; we take the tender gifts of good women's hearts too much as a matter of course: some of us need a firm curb. There's an old saying:

'Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.
So it is with common natures:
Treat them kindly, they rebel,
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well.'"

"'He quoted Dr. Watts, and he ran 'em into Scott's, did the good old man who died.'" sang a rollicking voice, and a handsome young fellow pushed open the door and entered the room like one who had a right there.

Stopping over the widow he kissed her carelessly, and sat down in the vacant place at the table, and pushed a plate forward to be served, noticing Mr. Warden by a curt nod only.

Amos ate his supper in silence, and then after a few kindly words left The Golden Rain for his bleak ride home. Directly he had gone, Master Tom pulled the widow down on his knee, and pinching he rosy cheeks said teasingly:

"What, is my handsome Nell vexed because I interrupted her tete-a-tete with her ancient admirer! What has her said about me now, the old busy-body?"

"He has said nothing more than all the town says, Tom, and that is, that if you cared for me you'd steady down a bit."

"Time enough for that when we're married, Nell—every dog has his day, you know. Come, kiss me like a darling, and let's be jolly."

"No. I cannot pretend a content I do not feel. I love you truly, Tom, but self-respect makes me speak now. Your name is coupled with Mary Merrick, too freely to please your future wife. Oh Tom, Tom, think of the pain it is to me! If you love me, surely you would not like to make me miserable."

Tom's face darkened, and he bit his pipe viciously.

"Now, Nell, I don't want a scene; it is all that old fellow's fault—if ever he comes here we are sure to fall out afterwards. Come, be a sensible little soul, and clear up that April face. If I catch any one telling tales of me, I'll break their heads.

"No one bears tales—I can't help hearing the talk of the town. If you prefer Miss Merrick to me, take her and be happy if you can, remembering the broken-hearted woman you have left alone here."

"What nonsense have you got into your pretty head about Mary Merrick! She is nothing to me, dear—you ought to know that. Come, kiss and be friends; I must soon be going."

He put his arm round her waist and laid his head on her breast, while she stroked his hair fondly, and said in an undertone:

"I've got the money you wanted, dear; here it is all in gold. Try not to borrow any more, your money will soon be due."

"Thanks, what a generous darling you are. I should be an ungrateful brute if I deceived you. By-the-by did Amos Warden tell you that father has sold him my hunter?"

"No, dear; has he; I am sorry for that; you were so fond of Ferry."

"Yes; and whatever I am particularly fond of that ugly fellow tries to get away from me. He is a covetous fellow."

"No, he is not, Tom; be just to him. Remember how many times he has stood your friend with your father—and who knows—had it not been for you I might have married him; yet see how patient and good he is to us! I must say.

'If that be envy, envy ne'er before
So much the look of wronged affection wore;
And ne'er did bee such golden honey bring
To rober hands, yet writhing leave no sting.'

He has stood our friend nobly, Tom, and you know it."

"Well, I suppose I mustn't grumble, since you do not prefer your saint to your sinner. How handsome you look to-night, dear! That is a pretty gown; it fits you so well. By-the-bye, Nell, how did the dad find out I was so deeply in your debt?"

Nell flushed up.

"How should I know, Tom; you may be sure I did not tell him."

"I know that, sweetheart; you are far too generous. Now if I thought it was Amos Warden I'd punish him soundly."

"You are always harping on that poor man's name, Tom."

"Not more than he harps on mine. Now I must be off. Give us a long loving kiss. I am going to take you for a drive to-morrow night; we'll drive into Bexley and have supper at the hotel."

"That will be nice, Tom."

"Of course it will, my little woman. Now, good-night, and mind no one brushes my kiss from your lips till my return.

"Oh, Tom, you must think lightly of me if you can imagine for a moment I make myself so cheap!"

"I didn't mean it, dear. I know you're the best little woman in the world."

"Good-night, Sir Silvertongue," said Nelly, pushing him playfully laughingly; while, with a sentimental air her lover sang:

'Good night! No, love, the night is ill
Which severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be good-night.'"

"Get along with your nonsense, Tom! and don't be too late to-morrow, or I shall think you promised the drive to make an April fool of me."

Tom went home rejoicing; but his tone was changed when he found his stern old father sitting up, and boiling over with indignation.

A long and stormy interview followed, then as Tom flung himself out of the room in a rage, his father said sternly:

"You are a traitor, sir, to a woman who was meant for her betters! Mind, you give me a true account of your debt to her at once; no son of mine shall trade on the affections of a woman whose trusting love he intends to betray. You must make a speedy decision between Helen Nettlefield and Mary Merrick. Now I know the double game you are playing, I can put a stop to it."

"I should like to know who is your authority, sir! I can give a pretty good guess, though."

"I don't wish to discuss the matter further. Go to bed, sir, and try, by the help of God and an awakened conscience, to see your conduct in its true light! I am ashamed to think you are my son!"

Tom took himself off to his room indignantly and sat a long time swinging his heels in silent rage. Then all at once his face cleared.

"I'll punish the old busybody—I'll make an April fool of him. He shan't interfere with me for nothing, confound him."

He pulled a desk towards him hastily, and took out some letters written in a square firm hand. He began to copy it letter by letter in a clever quick way. The letter took a long time to write, and when it was finished he took it to the post himself. After this he went to bed, and slept as sound as a church.

CHAPTER II.

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow;
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.

The blustering winds of stormy March had died in the night, and the first of April dawned fair as a maid upon her bridal morn.

Warden Farm—usually known as the Red Farm, because it was a many gabled house built of warm red bricks—looked very bright in the early morning, and walking among the budding flowers in his large old-fashioned garden was Amos Warden, binding up a rose-bush, lifting a daisy's head from under the wet leaves, and picking here and there an early blossom.

A book was in one hand, opened at a page descriptive of just such a scene as this. Amos repeated the lines thoughtfully:

"The glad birds had sung
A lullaby to-night; the lark has fled
On dripping wings, up from his dewy bed,
To fan them in the rising sunbeams."

Sweet lines those, he thought, telling of sweet fresh things that belong to the spring time—things of which one never tires.

"I wonder if Jenny is awake. Poor lass! she loves to see the sun rise over the everlasting hills. I'll go and see if she is ready to come out."

He went up the neat gravel-path to the house, and entered the wide stone wall, whistling cheerfully.

Jenny liked to think he was in high spirits. He knocked at the door of a room leading from the hall. A cheerful-looking young woman opened it with a brisk—

"Good morning, sir; Miss Jenny was just asking for you."

He passed her with a smile and entered the wide, low-roofed room, made fresh and bright with cretonne and white lace curtains.

Lying on a low couch by the fire was a young woman, with a patient, pretty pale face, and soft rippling brown hair.

She lifted two small thin hands to her brother's neck and kissed him fondly.

"You good old Amos to think of me! Yes, I should like to be carried round the garden before breakfast, if you are sure you can spare time to take me."

"Spare time! Of course I can. But it is chilly, dear; you had better have your fur-lined cloak. Tell me where to find it. Hanging behind the door, is it? Ah, I've got it!"

His clumsy, loving fingers fixed the cloak round his crippled sister. Then he lifted her as easily as if she was a baby, and carried her out to the garden.

Susan had wheeled a wicker bath-chair to the door, and Amos lifted his sister into it, tucking her up cosily in a warm rug.

Then he wheeled her round the gravel-path, getting it to go faster, faster, and faster, his sister clapping her hands and laughing:

"Faster, faster, Amos! I feel like Alice in Looking-glass Land, when the Red Queen held her hand and made her fly to the eighth square."

Amos stopped to mop his forehead, and say:

"You are a very kitten for good spirits, Jenny; I should be dull without you."

"I don't believe you could be dull if you tried, Amos; 'tis you who keep me cheerful. Pick me a bunch of white lilac; it is so sweet when it has been rained upon, and it was such a stormy night."

"Did the wind keep you awake, Jenny? I thought of you when I heard it; it does frolic round these gables."

He looked fondly at the fine old house, and then sighed. He was thinking how dear the place would become with a bright-faced mistress to make it really home, and his thoughts went flying to Nelly Nettleford.

Then he smiled grimly at his own folly, and began a fresh race round the garden, well rewarded by the sight of the deeper rose tint that stole to Jenny's face.

"You ought to be able to eat two new laid eggs for breakfast, Jenny, after this. Won't you be glad when the summer comes, and you can be out of doors all day?"

"I shall indeed, Amos."

"Now we'll go and feed your poultry, Jenny; those little bantams are picking up wonderfully, and your doves have quite got over their cold."

He wheeled the chair to the back of the house and got a large basket of barley.

Jenny loved to see the poultry swarm round her chair, and took great interest in their well-being.

After the poultry were fed Amos took her round to the dairy, and the cowshed, and stables, and she got quite excited over a litter of young pigs that were to be fattened up and sold, the money being hers to give to the poor.

"Now, ladybird, we must go in; Susan is beckoning us. What is it, Susan. A letter for me? Well, one would think I never had a letter before."

"Open it, Amos, and me tell who it is from!"

Amos took the letter from Susan's hands, and was informed that breakfast would be ready in five minutes.

Then he wheeled Jenny to the lilac-tree, where there was a rustic seat, and then opened his letter.

His good plain face flushed and paled strangely as he read, and Jenny, watching him, wondered what could upset him so strangely.

"What is it, Amos—good news or bad?"

"I hardly know yet, lassie; it seems too strange to be true."

"Tell me what it is all about, Amos. Can't you see I'm in a fever of excitement!"

Amos looked at her, then at his letter, and with a sigh and a smile, gave it up to her, saying:

"It seems like a breach of confidence to show it even to you, Jenny; but I know you will hold it sacred, and I have never had a secret from you."

Jenny took the letter, and read with instant surprise and delight the following:

"DEAR AMOS,—After you left me last night I gave T. G. a good talking to—told him I was tired of being treated as he chooses to treat me. One word led to another, and we fell out, and I am resolved never to renew the broken bonds. So, to prevent annoyance and a possibility of changing my mind. I will, if you will let me, accept the proposal you made me long ago. I know you love me, and I think in time I might learn to love you as you wish. I am sure of a peaceful, loving home at the Red Farm, and shall be glad to go to it soon, for I am tired of living sole and sad. I will not speak of love, that

'One word is too often profaned
For me to profane it;
One feeling too falsely disdained,
For thee to disdain it;
One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother;
And pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.'

"Come to me in all kindness and compassion, for I am very wretched, and if you decide not to take me, stay away. I shall understand

'That she who will not when she may,
When she will she shall have nay.'

"Yours, if you will, ever,
"NELLY NETTLEFOLD."

"It is a strange letter, Amos, and not what one would expect from dear Nelly; but perhaps she was upset. I am very glad for you, dear, for I believe when once she is your wife she will love you as you deserve. Who could help it? You are so noble, so lovable, so gentle. Oh, what a happiness it will be to see Nelly mistress here! And who knows, dear, God may even give you dear little children; then there will be no more loneliness. Our life will be full of beautiful love and dear domestic duties."

She put out her thin hand and drew her brother towards her.

"Are you not glad to take her on any terms, Amos? She is so gentle, so affectionate, and, come out of the power of that handsome rascal, I feel sure she will be happy and contented with you; and you can give her a good home, a spotless name and a loyal, honest, steadfast love. Hold up your head, Amos, and feel proud, as you ought to feel, to have so sweet a wife come to you of her own free will."

Jenny rubbed her soft cheeks against her brother's hand—a kittenish trick, very pretty in her helplessness.

Amos turned and kissed her, saying:

"I am grateful for your sake, as well as my own, Jenny; but I can't believe it true. Don't set your heart upon it, dear, for fear of disappointment. I would have gladly given her up to any one who was worthy of her; but that scamp does not deserve her. Do you know, he is playing fast and loose, not with our Nelly, but with our old friend Mary Merrick, the milliner's sister?"

Jenny changed color; before she met with the injury to her back Jack Merrick had been her lover, and since the engagement had been broken off Mary had thought it best for them all to keep away.

Poor Jenny had never seen her lover since the great London doctor had told her the fall from the hay-wagon had caused incurable injury to the spine.

She had borne her sorrow bravely, but it still woke and cried within her at the sound of the lover's name.

"You did not tell me of Mary before, Amos."

"No, dear; your affliction seemed to have lifted you above the petty gossip of common life. If Jack knew how lightly his sister is spoken of, I fancy he would make it warm for Master Tom. But there, why should not his sister suffer as well as mine? I hate them all!"

"Oh, Amos, that is not true! You belie yourself. Jack must know if there is danger to Mary, and you must stand between her and dishonor. She was always thoughtless and giddy, but always good and true, and, like us, they are lonely and all in all to each other. You'll think of a way to warn Jack, won't you, Amos, for my sake?"

"Don't trouble your pretty head, Jenny; I'll think about it. Now come, the five minutes is more than up, and Susan will be vexed if we keep breakfast waiting."

Jenny watched Amos with new interest; he certainly did not look an ideal lover, with his stooping shoulders, gray hair and careworn face, but looks rate less and less as years roll on, and folks live together lovingly.

Neither brother nor sister could eat much breakfast; the wonderful letter had opened such a heaven of beautiful possibilities that their eyes were dazzled by the light that lay in the future; their life would be no longer dull, and gray, and purposeless.

"Of course you'll go to Nell at once, Amos?"

"Yes, dear."

"And you will tell her how glad I am, and bring her back to see me with you; I'll have everything nice prepared in the drawing-room. Oh, Amos, I am so very glad!" Jenny had called to him as he passed out into the bright noon-tide, after a tedious interview with his bailiff.

"What a beautiful thing happiness is!" thought Jenny. "I declare Amos looked quite handsome."

She made Susan dress her in a pretty soft gray dress, with pale pink ribbons, and then was wheeled into the drawing-room—a room only used on state occasions; it smelt of lavender and dried roses, and its furniture was covered with faded blue brocade. And, as Jenny sat behind the low window looking towards the village, she mentally arranged the room afresh, decided on the color for the new paper and furniture, and quite lost herself in her day-dream, till Susan roused her by bringing in some tea for her, and telling her it was nearly five o'clock.

"What can have detained Amos?" wondered Jenny. "He know how anxiously I am expecting him; I hope nothing has gone wrong.

But something had gone wrong, as we shall see by going back a few hours.

(To be Continued.)

"AMOS SPRANG FORWARD AND CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS, KISSING HER LOVELY SURPRISED FACE RAPTUROUSLY."

Clips.

Leap year couplet:

Maid of Brooklyn, ere you pop,
Tell me, can you wield the mop?

N. Y. Tribune.

Barber (to customer)—Have you heard of the scrape young Brown has got into?

Customer—Why, no. When did you shave him last?

It has just been learned that the tree which the woodman spared was a chestnut tree.

Public feeling is very strong against the man, and, if caught, it is quite likely he will be lynched.

When Eve upon the first of men
The apple pressed with specious cant,
O, what a thousand pities then
That Adam was not Adamant.

—Tourn Topics

"I always liked the Episcopal religion best," said Bill, as he eyed a pretty girl with her morocco-bound prayer-book in the horse-car. "If you are an Episcopalian, you get credit for going to church not only while you are there, but all the way going and all the way home."

In a recently-published poem, James Russell Lowell speaks of "champagne in the air." There is some disappointment felt because he did not mention the locality in which he had discovered this inspiring atmospheric phenomenon. Doubtless it was in a country where the climate is extra.

"You sketch with a free hand, Miss Backbay," remarked the Professor, who had been critically examining her portfolio. "Entirely free," said the Boston young lady, as she cast down her eyes in soft confusion, and waited for the Professor to follow up the opening.

"Naw," said the small boy; "I don't go to Sunday school. I went there one day, and that was all I wanted. I tipped the hole bench over, an' when the teacher sat me what I did it for I said 'Rats!' An' he didn't lick me, nor nothin'—didn't so much as swear at suicide of the face. What sort of a school do you call that to go to? Mebbe you think I'm a girl?"

Ready to Join.

Temperance Advocate (looking up signers for the pledge)—Brother, may I ask you to join?

Old Gentleman (who doesn't like to drink alone)—No, no. You join me first—it's my call—and then I'll join you in another.

NEVER BEFORE

Could the public procure in this country a bottle of fine old port wine in proper condition and free from sediment, until MESSRS. FEUERHEERD introduced their

"COMMENDADOR"

BOTTLED IN OPORTO.

Messrs. Feuerheerd have now found it necessary to register this brand for the Dominion and will take legal proceedings against any one infringing upon it, or found refilling the bottles with other wine. Always ask for

"COMMENDADOR"

And see that the corks are branded. Beware of cheap imitations, as cheapness and merit are not associated.

To be had from all First-class Grocers and Wine Merchants.

DIAMONDS

For a large assortment and close prices call on

Goulden & Trorey

Manufacturing Jewelers and Diamond Setters

61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

40,000 in Daily Use

We give purchasers privilege of returning machine, unbroken, any time within thirty days, o.o.d., for full purchase price, if not absolutely satisfactory in every respect.

GEO. BENGOUGH, 36 King Street East

BREADMAKER'S YEAST

BREAD made with this Yeast took 1st First Prizes at Ontario Fall Shows in 1889.

Over 10,000 ladies have written to say that it surpasses any yeast ever used by them. It makes the lightest, whitest, sweetest bread, rolls, buns and buckwheat pancakes. PRICE 5 CENTS.

Temple of Fashion

JUST RECEIVED

FULL LINES OF

SPRING SUITING AND PANTING

SPRING OVERCOATINGS

IN ALL SHADES

SPAIN'S

455 Queen Street West

J. YOUNG

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

347 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 679.

AMERICAN HOTEL

TORONTO.

ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN.

THOS. TAYLOR, PROPRIETOR, E. M. EDSALL, MANAGER.

This well-known hotel has been remodelled entirely on the European plan. Rooms are from $1 upwards; over 60 boarders, a well-stocked bar, and the tables are supplied with the best and most seasonable luxuries the markets afford. Resident commercial travellers can have sample room accommodation without board, etc. A table d'hote for business men and merchants daily. Hotel the best situated in Toronto; adjacent to steamboats, railroads, etc.

THE

CRITERION RESTAURANT

TORONTO

H. E. HUGHES, - - Proprietor

This well known and popular restaurant has recently undergone marvellous improvements and alterations. The Bar and Private dining apartments now front on King Street, corner Leader Lane, and the Public dining room entrance will in future be from Leader Lane.

Counter lunch from 12 o'clock till 2.

Prompt Attention and Moderate Charges.

Criterion Restaurant, 63 King Street East

Miss Gayford's Groom.

"That's a remarkably handsome young man for a groom," said Lady Dormer drily.

Dick Dimsdale turned to look at a man in a smart livery who was leading a lady's hunter up and down the drive. It was that merriest of all English scenes—a meet in the grounds of an old country house. The air was crisp and fresh, and the quaint red-brick mansion, the brown-branched trees, and the wide windy sky, made a typical background to the animated group of pink-coated horsemen. There had been a hunt-breakfast at Dormer Grange, and now its young mistress stood at the hall door watching her guests mount.

"Handsome!" repeated Captain Dimsdale, with a queer laugh. "O, you think so too, do you? Can't say I see anything in him himself. But Miss Gayford was staying at the Travers' when I was there for the hunting last year, and she had this same groom, Weston, with her then."

"I must say he looks uncommonly well set up and gentlemanly. Why, he might be a 'sub' in a cavalry regiment," replied Lady Dormer, with a good-natured laugh.

At that instant there was the bustle and stir among the group of assembled men which betokens the appearance of "the prettiest woman in the house." A tall, well-made girl, whose dark hair and scarlet lips were set off by the smartest of "pink" coats, came laughingly down the hall steps. She was at once surrounded by all the younger men, with each of whom Miss Gayford seemed to be on the cheeriest terms. And yet it was neither Lord St. Leger nor any of the other guests who was allowed to swing the Irish beauty into her saddle.

"By Jove! isn't that rather hot?" muttered Dimsdale to himself. "The girl is actually whispering with that infernal groom! I know young women with money are pretty free-and-easy nowadays, but, hang it! they surely don't flirt with the stable boys!" and the gallant captain whistled his annoyance. He was of the order of men who are loth to believe anything but the worst—especially of women.

"Isn't Eileen lovely!" cried Lady Dormer, with the supreme generosity of one noted beauty can afford to show another. "Fifteen thousand a year, Dick—no father, mother, or tiresome relations, and eyelashes which may make her a countess any day. Take an old friend's advice, go in and win—you know how."

And Captain Dimsdale thought that he did know how. At any rate he promised himself he would not fail for want of trying.

Mounting his hunter promptly, Dick trotted after the heiress, in the hopes of forestalling Lord St. Leger, whose horse had not yet been brought round from the stables. His pertinacity was rewarded, for it was he who piloted the beautiful Miss Gayford across country that day.

Somehow or other, men fought rather shy of Dick Dimsdale. Several vague but shady stories were afloat about him. With women, on the other hand, he was perennially popular. "Handsome Dick," these fair cynics used to say, "was too good looking not to have enemies. And as for his debts, what of that? Every nice young man had little financial difficulties, and if one was to know only people who paid their tailors' bills, why, whom would one have to take to the play, and to drive down to Hurlingham with? Everybody went the pace in the—th Dragoon Guards, and naturally 'dear Dick' performed that familiar evolution with the rest of his brother officers."

So thoroughly, indeed, had Captain Dimsdale swum with the tide, that he was now on the verge of ruin; and so, much as he revolted at the prospects of matrimonial fetters, he determined in his desperation to make the running with the Irish. Girls, he argued to himself, proverbially preferred red coats to black, and Irishwomen, moreover, were notoriously impressionable. Why, therefore, should he not stand a decent chance of making himself master of the beautiful Eileen's chequebook? A girl of twenty-two from county Meath could hardly have heard of his little peccadilloes—those social backslidings which made men fight shy of him at the clubs. With women, at any rate, he was always a favorite.

As yet, however, he had made very little way. He had been nearly a week with the heiress under Lady Dormer's hospitable roof, and more than once Miss Gayford had administered to him an unmistakable snubbing. But Dick Dimsdale was not to be put off by such trifles as a girl's dislike, and, to do him justice, Miss Gayford's marked aversion was an almost unique experience for him. Perhaps it was her way, he argued to himself; some women like to keep a fellow off as long as they can, to surrender presently at discretion.

But even Dick, blinded as he was by his own fatuity, could hardly help seeing that if anybody in the house-party interested Miss Gayford, it was Lord St. Leger, and not himself. True, the girl treated the young Earl much like a brother; but then, as Dimsdale argued to himself, these friendships all ended in the same old story. By some means or other St. Leger must be got out of the running. Dick could not let this chance slip. Only that morning he had had a letter from his major, requesting the settlement of a gambling debt to the tune of £2,000. This, of course, must be paid, but how was he to raise the wind? Now, any of the tribe of Israel would advance him that sum if he were publicly announced as engaged to Miss Gayford, one of the biggest heiresses of the day.

But Fate was against the gallant captain's matrimonial projects. Coming home that afternoon with Miss Eileen, in a dark lane, he hazarded some love-making, and received a very serious rebuff.

"Confound that girl!" he muttered to himself, as he dressed for dinner. "She made me feel a thorough fool just now! She shall pay for that some day. I'll be even with her yet."

On Sunday morning, when the carriages came round to take the guests to church, only one of the party failed to put in an appearance, and that was Miss Gayford. A maid tripped down to say that her mistress had a sudden attack of neuralgia, and was lying down; and Lady Dormer, counselling quinine, collected her guests and drove to church. No one noticed that Captain Dimsdale was missing.

"Deuced odd," mused that young gentleman, as he wandered about the empty rooms and conservatories. "She looked as fit as a new pin at breakfast. I think I'll hang about and see what my young lady's up to."

Lady Dormer was very punctilious on the subject of church, and insisted on as many of her servants attending morning service as could possibly be spared, so that Dimsdale found the stables deserted when he strolled down to smoke a cigar in his favorite lounging-place. "It's beastly dull work," thought Dick, "spending a morning by oneself. A fellow ought to have an unnaturally good conscience to be able to stand much of his own society."

There was not a single groom or stable boy about, so he strolled into the various loose-boxes, making a critical examination of their inmates. "I'll just have a look," he said, "at those two hunters of Miss Eileen's. The girl's no fool; she knows a good horse when she sees one."

Pushing open another door, he saw a sight which made him whistle under his breath. Miss Gayford, the great Irish heiress, was hiding a blushing face on the shoulder of John Weston, her groom.

"That will do nicely," muttered Dick, closing the door softly, and going out. "So that's why we don't care about peers or military men. Quite romantic upon my soul! I think I'm even with her now."

That night in the smoking-room he detained St. Leger after the rest of the men had turned in. The young Earl's face was a study as he heard Captain Dimsdale's whispered communication.

"It's a lie, and you know it," was all he said. "I shall inform Lady Dormer to-morrow of your behavior to one of her guests."

Dick Dimsdale went to his room tormented by doubts and fears. St. Leger, it was obvious, was so much gone on the girl that he would believe nothing against her. If Dick failed to prove his case, it would mean social ostracism forever; for not even his most ardent admirers would care to have a tame cat about who was known to be capable of showing such very sharp claws. The next thing would be to make terms with the girl himself. Surely no woman in her senses would refuse the shelter of his name under the circumstances? And the terms must be made at once—before St. Leger had had time to tell Lady Dormer of his dubious insinuations. At eight o'clock he scribbled a few lines on a bit of paper, and commissioned a housemaid to convey his message to Miss Gayford.

Half-an-hour later the heiress met him in the conservatory, where he had begged for an interview. She looked a trifle pale, but was perfectly self-possessed.

"You wish to see me?" she said coldly, without offering her hand.

"I do. The fact is, Miss Gayford, I want to give you a little friendly advice."

"I was not aware," replied Eileen, "that I was in need of any."

"Well, opinions differ. Some girls would think they wanted help in your position. Do you know," he added, watching her narrowly, "that I happened to go into the stables on Sunday morning when the others were all at church?"

Miss Gayford's face turned whiter still as she whispered with clenched teeth: "So playing the spy is one of your amusements, is it?"

"My dear girl, don't get angry. The truth is, I love you, and I am willing to forget and forgive everything if you will consent to be my wife. No living soul shall ever know that story if you marry me."

"Thanks, awfully," replied the heiress, with an amused laugh. "Ever since I met you, Captain Dimsdale, you have persecuted me with your insulting attentions, but you have never insulted me so much as by asking me to be your wife."

"Very well, Miss Gayford," retorted Dick, who had now lost his head completely. "I must tell you that, as an old friend of Lady Dormer's I feel bound to inform her of what is going on under her roof."

"Threats?" said Eileen, raising her eyebrows. "I am afraid you are expending your ingenuity in vain. And to spare you any future trouble, I beg to inform you that I told Lady Dormer the whole story last night——"

"You told Lady Dormer——?"

"That John Weston is my husband. I married him by special license more than two months ago."

"The deuce you did!" shouted Dick, who added, with mock courtesy: "I congratulate you, I'm sure. Hope the young man will prove satisfactory in his new line. I shouldn't have thought, though, that you need have gone to a stable for a husband."

"Since you have done me the honor," replied Eileen quietly, "of interfering in my private affairs, I may tell you that John Weston is a gentleman—his birth is as good as mine; but his father—one of the Irish landlords who have been ruined by the League—left him without a penny. The only thing which Jack understood thoroughly was horses, and he was just going to enlist in a cavalry regiment when I offered him the place of head-groom in my stables. He happens to be one of those men who would rather work honestly for their living than sponge on other people. Every day he rode out with me, and every day I learned to like him more and more. It came to this: that I could not live without him; but until I could settle my affairs and make arrangements for leaving England, I thought it best to keep my marriage a secret. We sail for New York to-day week."

"And may I ask," sneered Dick, "as we are entering into details, what was your game with St. Leger?"

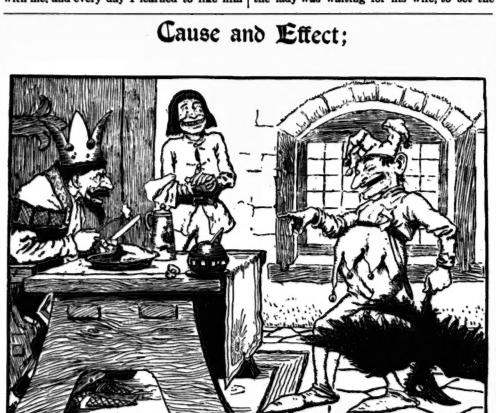
"Why, he is one of the best and oldest friends I have in the world. Lord St. Leger was the only witness at the registrar's office in Dublin, where I was married."

The 2000*l.* not being forthcoming, her Majesty was shortly afterwards deprived of Captain Dimsdale's services; and that young gentleman went to reside on the Continent. He is, however, chiefly to be met at Monte Carlo, where he is a familiar, if rather out-of-elbow, figure in the room devoted to rouge-et-noir.

Mr. and Mrs. John Weston have settled in Colorado, where they devote the whole of their fortune and leisure to the breeding of race-horses, and are perfectly happy.—*Edmund Yates in London World.*

A comical incident occurred the other day on the Polish frontier. A lady, who had been making purchases in the town of Kattowitz, with the express purpose of smuggling them into Poland, bought, among other items, an alarm-clock at a watchmaker's. Thinking lightly of the matter, she even told the young watchmaker of her intention, and got him to ask his wife to tie the clock beneath what is now called a "figure-improver." The watchmaker, being fond of a joke, managed, while the lady was waiting for his wife, to set the alarm of the clock at the hour when the train was timed to be at the frontier station Sesenwice, and then handed it to be fastened beneath his customer's dress. Well content with her bargain the lady went off, arrived at the frontier and passed the customs easily; but just as she was again stepping into the railway carriage an awful noise burst forth, which quickly caught the attention of the officers. The lady had to dismount and the laughter of the bystanders, to disrobe and to pay the fine of ten roubles for smuggling, while the tell-tale alarm was confiscated.

Cause and Effect;



"Why hast thou slain ye raven, knave?"
"Because—ha, ha, because, ho, ho; because, forsooth he gave me caws!!!"

or, Ye Chestnut of ye Olden Time.

"I will forgive thee now, thou caitiff wretch; but ne'er work off thy minstrel jokes on me again!!"

R. WALKER & SONS

Spring Wraps & Mantles

5 PER CENT. OFF.

We have nearly Fifty Thousand Dollars' worth of Mantles to sell—no doubt the largest and finest stock in Canada. Our fitting rooms are crowded daily and no customer need go away unsuited.

LADIES' CHEVIOT TWEED ULSTERS.—An immense variety. Fashionable Checks and Stripes; also plain Fawns and Grays—From $6.00 and the 5 per cent. discount off.

LADIES' CHEVIOT TWEED JACKETS, WITH CLOTH VESTS—A generous choice here, with prices from $5.50 and the 5 per cent. off.

LADIS' SILK AND BEADED WRAPS—Full sizes. From $7.00 and the discount off.

MISSES' CHEVIOT TWEED JACKETS—Checks and Stripes. A well assoted stock; $3.00 to $5.00, less the discount.

CHILDREN'S TWEED ULSTERS—All the new cloths. From $3.00 and discount off.

THE GOLDEN LION,

33, 35, 37 KING STREET and 18 COLBORNE STREET

WALL PAPERS

We have now in stock the newest assortment of designs in the city and guarantee full value in all grades from the cheapest upward. Don't fail to see our stock.

JOS. McCAUSLAND & SON
72 to 76 KING STREET WEST.

ROSES BULBS BEST QUALITY TREES SEEDS WEDDING FLOWERS
H. SLIGHT
THE FLORIST
407 YONGE ST.

THOMAS MOFFATT
FINE ORDERED BOOTS AND SHOES
A good fit guaranteed, prices moderate, strictly first-class
195 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
THIRD DOOR NORTH OF ALBERT HALL.

Revolution in Hair Goods--Ladies

You often see and meet Ladies who wear false hair as

BANGS, WAVES, BANDEAUX, &c.

It is not difficult for you to tell if it is false or not because the thick and heavy look which spoils the natural soft expression of a lady's face, is sufficient, to tell the false from natural look, without being a Physiognomist or an expert in the hair line.

Therefore, ladies, if you want real nice and most natural looking fine made Hair Goods, go and pay a visit to

ARMAND'S HAIR STORE, 407 YONGE ST.

He has on hand, or will make you to order, just what you require. He has the highest awards of three Gold and Silver Medals of the Paris (France) Inter. and National Hair Goods Exhibition and Competition of 1882-83. He is the only experienced Ladies' Hairdresser in Toronto, and knows best which kind of Bangs, Waves, Bandeaux, etc., will suit a lady best. Also Ladies' Hairdressing, Trimming, Singeing, Shampooing, etc.

FRANKLE ARMAND
LADIES' HAIRDRESSER AND PERFUMER (LATE OF GREER'S)
407—YONGE STREET—407
FEW DOORS SOUTH OF THE Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, TORONTO.

Where the Cat Jumps!

614 and 616

QUEEN ST. WEST

CALL AND SEE

SPRIGINGS

THE CHARLES ROGERS AND SONS CO.
(LATE OF R. HAY & CO.)
95 & 97 Yonge St., Toronto

New Styles for the Spring Trade

IN ALL KINDS OF FURNITURE.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

TO FINE CABINET AND UPHOLSTERY WORK

Our new line of coverings now arriving will embrace all the latest styles and fashionable shades.

WE INVITE COMPARISON.

95 & 97 Yonge Street, Toronto

JAKE'S RESTAURANT

S. W. Cor. Bay & Adelaide Sts.,

Open all night. Strictly first-class. Ladies' Entrance on Adelaide street. JAKE'S VIRGINIA FRY, put up in boxes with crackers and pickles, a specialty. Only the best in the market served. Private dining rooms attached.

Telephone 344

MARSLAND & KENNEDY
FAMILY GROCERS
WINE AND SPIRIT MERCHANTS
285 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.
Fine wines for medicinal purposes a specialty

THE SHORT WAY TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH

HE WAS POWERLESS AND MISERABLE.

Five years ago my right arm swelled at shoulder; could not do a tap of work, move a finger; arm powerless; hundreds saw me in this miserable state; doctored three years for rheumatism; no success until five months ago.

Got St. Leon Water

drank regularly about six gallons monthly; have never lost one hour's work since. My arm, general strength, health and appetite are all toned up beyond conception.

JOHN WALTER,
54 River street.

This rare water is sold at 30c. per gallon. Ask your druggist or grocer for it. Also by

JAMES GOOD & CO.
Wholesale and Retail Grocers and Dealers in St. Leon Water
220 Yonge St. and 101½ King St. West

SPAULDING & CHEESBROUGH

DENTISTS

have removed from 51 King street east to 171 Yonge street, over the Imperial Bank; entrance on Queen east, first door. Office hours: A. H. Cheesbrough, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.; A. W. Spaulding, 1 to 5 p.m., during the session of the Dental School.

CHERRY MANTELS,
MAHOGANY MANTELS,
WALNUT MANTELS,
OAK MANTELS.

The Best Houses in Toronto fitted up with

MILLICHAMP'S MANTELS

SHOWROOMS:
31 Adelaide Street East, City.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE

Best teeth on Rubber, $8.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476

C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

MUSIC

EDWIN ASHDOWN

Will forward, post free, catalogues of his publications for Voice, Piano, Violin, Violoncello, Harp, Guitar, Concertina, Cornet, Clarionet, Flute, Orchestra, etc., etc., of a complete list of his publications (upwards of 25,000) bound in cloth, upon receipt of 30 cents, to cover cost of binding and postage.

Specially low terms to the Profession, Schools and Convents.

89 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

LOW PRICES

CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES

THE DIAMOND STOVE CO.

LOW PRICES

It took quite a while looking around for Carriages for the Babies, but we have got them now—too many in fact—and they are a fine lot to be sure. Haywood Bros., of Gardiner, Mass., and best Canadian makers have supplied us. Now we have too many—bought heavier than we intended, and "Our necessity is the Baby's opportunity." Come and see them at *Quick Sale* prices, for two weeks only.

THE DIAMOND STOVE CO., Nos. 6 and 8 Queen Street West.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. I] TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1888. [NO. 20

To Contributors.

Rejected contributions will not be returned, or those accepted paid for, unless a special agreement has been made to that effect. Unless manuscripts are accompanied by a price, everything sent to this office will be considered as a voluntary contribution, and the publishers will not hold themselves responsible.

Anachronisms in Etiquette.

It is odd how conservative society is of some old forms of etiquette the reason for which has long ceased to exist. Among these curious survivals is the practice of always giving the inside of the sidewalk to the lady with whom you are walking, even though it involves changing positions frequently, now to the right and again to the left side. It is awkward and unusually altogether unnecessary, but it is still regarded as the correct thing to do. There was a good reason for it when the sidewalks were narrow and inconveniently crowded so that the lady ran the risk of being jostled, and on occasion, it may now be found advisable when passing through a throng. But ordinarily it is a piece of exaggerated politeness to drop a lady's arm and pass round to the other side on turning a street corner. Of a similar character is the time honored fashion of giving the ladies the inside seats at church or at a public entertainment. A pew may be nearly filled, but so soon as a lady appears to take her place the male occupants to the number perhaps of three or four file out into the aisle to allow her to enter, and then seat themselves. Tradition has it that this custom, which is peculiar to this continent, is a survival of the times of the early settlers when it was desirable that the men should sit close to the pew doors in readiness to grab their rifles and rush out in case of a sudden attack by the Indians. It grew thus into a usage and became a point of etiquette. The custom is an anachronism, and ought to be allowed to die out, especially as if there is any choice the outer seats are preferable as being easier of access. Etiquette is as a rule founded upon some good substantial reason, but in cases where the original reason has ceased to exist such anomalies in the social code might very well be revised. It is otherwise where a real question of convenience or comfort to ladies is involved, as in the matter of giving up seats in the street cars to ladies. We hope the time will never come when Canadian men will be so selfish and ungallant as to retain their seats while women are standing.

Naming the House.

The practice of designating their residences by a distinctive name is becoming common among people of taste and means. It is a pleasing and graceful usage, always provided that there is sufficient individuality about a house to justify it, and that the name selected is appropriate. It savors of absurdity to christen one of a row of ordinary looking houses, in no way distinguished from its neighbors, by some high flown appellation which, by association, recalls a mansion surrounded by extensive grounds. But where the style and surroundings are in keeping with the name bestowed, it is an agreeable relief from the commonplace mode of distinguishing a residence by street and number.

In choosing a name, it is well to have regard to the fitness of things. Names taken from the natural characteristics of the locality suggestive of hill or dale, lake or river, or the more noticeable trees of the neighborhood are usually pretty and in good taste. The introduction of a lady's name out of compliment to a wife or relative is a favorite form of nomenclature. But in this connection it is well to remember the story of the ambitious farmer who hearing that one of his neighbors had named his place "Glenmary," immediately followed his example by calling his homestead "Glenbetsy." Unless the combination is euphonious it is better to avoid it. Above all things, pretentious, grandiloquent names ought to be shunned. It is not often that such terminations as "hall" or "park" can be used appropriately, and when employed to designate houses which are not on the scale implied by these terms only excite ridicule. The same may be said of many English proper names having aristocratic associations. When adopted by a plebeian Smith or Johnson to dignify his newly-erected mansion in the suburbs, they become absurd by contrast and stamp the appropriator as a snob. We do not meet with many Indian names of suburban or country residences, which is rather to be regretted, as they are always smooth and euphonious and do not like borrowed English or foreign terms smack of tinsel imitation of other lands.

Female Extravagance.

There is no subject upon which social moralizers harp more persistently than the extravagance of women in dress and decoration. The most wholesale charges of reckless and lavish expenditure upon their personal adornment are brought against the fair sex. We are told that the habits and expectations of young ladies in this regard lead young men of limited means to shrink from marriage, fancying that no one but a Crœsus would be able to meet the continual demands for pin money entailed by the needs of a modern belle. Of course there is a measure of truth in all this, as regards a considerable proportion of society young ladies—though it is probably much exaggerated. But there is one very important phase of the question which is generally overlooked. Assuming that extravagance in dress is a crying female vice what is the principal cause of it? It is well known to every thoughtful observer of human nature that women adorn themselves mainly for the purpose of pleasing the men. To secure the admiration of the opposite sex is the end and aim of most of that class whose excessive love for dress forms the theme of so many homilies, and in most cases it is well-dressed ladies who are the most attractive and sought after—who secure the greatest amount of masculine homage and attention and stand the best chances of marrying well and early in life. Other things being equal the average man will always select as his partner in a ball or a *fete-a-fete* the girl who is attired in the richest and most fashionable costume. That men are attracted by the taste and elegance in dress by which personal charms are set off to advantage is sufficient to account for the devotion to the toilet and the lavish outlay in adornments so loudly bewailed. So long as this is the case it is entirely useless to inveigh against female prodigality. If the men were blind to the attractions of costume and looked merely to the natural graces of person and mind in according their preference the main motive for excessive display on the part of women would disappear. The poet may sing of "Beauty unadorned, adorned the most," but modern masculinity does not accept the principle.

It is the fault of men as a class if women are inconsiderate and reckless in their expenditures on dress and if there is to be a change for the better it must come through the substitution of a different ideal of feminine perfection for that which now obtains.

The Dentist's Chair.

'Fond the portals of woe stands that ill-fated chair;
And the demon of torture holds revelry there.
Sad pilgrims have sought it—distracted with pain—
And, finding, have sneak'd from the purlieus again.
I hate it like poison—oh! blest if I don't!
And my *bete noir*'s the wretch who was smilingly wont,
With a purr that was feline, to inveigle me there
And play Hamlet with me in that plush-covered chair.

Oh! the ways of that fiend are chuck full of guile.
Surely blandness itself is as nought to his smile
When he told me he plainly detected the thrall
Of decay on my molars, incisors, *et al.*,
The filling of which would be free from all pain—
So free I should wish it done over again.
Reassured, I sat down with a half-muttered prayer,
And the circus began in that plush-covered chair.

All the neighbors for blocks heard a scalp-lifting yell;
Let your imagination in which I endeavored to tell
To humanity's ear of the jab which he gave
At the nerve of the "canine" I'd striven to save,
And the leer of the wretch—when another loud roar
Told the public a Trust had been shattered once more—
As he asked me—yul, arlan't—to "keep on my hair"
And he seated once more in that plush-covered chair.

As clay in the hands of the potter, forsooth!
I sat, whilst he quarried a hole in the tooth,
And, without my consent, introduced to the scene
A treadle which worked like a sewing-machine—
Whirr-r! Fizz!! Snip!!!—Hold! Enough!—Oh! my agonized shouts,
As I ask'd for my head or its last whereabouts;
But he only vouchsafed an inimical glare
As he pinion'd me down in that plush-covered chair.

Low insult to injury was piled on me when
He tweak'd the snub nose of the saddest of men.
Then up into space that ineffable scamp
(After toasting his gold at a small spirit lamp)
Pegg'd and hammer'd away with soul-harrowing blows
Till, wrought up to madness, I wildly arose,
Seiz'd my hat, gloves and cane, yes! and fled in despair
From the awful embrace of that plush-covered chair.

Sing of Cæsar's great heart! of the Tenth Legion braves!
Let your tears dew the green of Thermopylæ's graves!
Laud the mashers who swam through the corpse-choking fosse,
As the Crescent light paled in the glare of the Cross!
Weave your garlands of praise for the stout-hearted blades
Who kick'd up their heels in the glorious Crusades!
Tell of Bayard, Du Guexclin and Ralph Bras de Fer!
Yet the whole of these heroes, who lived but to dare,
Would have bolted like fun from that plush-covered chair.

H. K. COCKIN.

Our Lacrosse Boys Abroad.

From a letter from SATURDAY NIGHT's representative with our lacrosse team in England, the following programme of their trip, past and present, is taken.

ITINERARY (IN ENGLAND).

March 28th, Wednesday morning.—Visits to Town Hall and Chetham's College. Afternoon—Practice at Withington, if desired. Evening—One of the theaters.

March 29, Thursday morning.—Owen's College club entertains; visit the great mills of the city—lunch provided by one of them. Afternoon—Torontos vs. Owen's College (flag holders), Dilbury grounds. Evening—Tea and symposium and Grand hotel.

March 30, Good Friday.—Manchester and District Lacrosse Association entertains; picnic to Chatsworth House (seat of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire) and Haddon Hall; tea at Castle hotel, Bakewell, at 5.30.

March 31, morning.—Visit Assize court, if agreeable. Afternoon—Toronto vs. Manchester (English cup holders), at Withington. Evening—Tea with S. Manchester team. Night—Leave Hartwegate.

April 1-5.—Yorkshire county entertains.—Picnics, dinners, matches.

April 6.—Return to Manchester.

April 6.—Visit gun factory and Christy's hat works. Afternoon—Match at Stockport and district.

April 7.—Morning—"As we please." Afternoon—The big match—Toronto vs. Manchester and district. Evening—Banquet at Grand hotel.

April 8.—Sunday—Cathedral.

April 8-22.—London—South clubs entertain.

April 24.—Heaton—Play and in the evening dinner at George hotel, Stockport.

April 25.—Soiree at Owen's College.

April 26-7.—Liverpool again and good-bye. Off for Belfast.

The boys had a delightful trip across the water, and with the exception of a little *mal de mer* were all in good condition to enjoy it.

Rev. George J. Bishop.

I had heard good reports of the Rev. George J. Bishop, pastor of the Yonge street Methodist church, and last Sunday night I dropped in to hear him. The church, which is in North Toronto, is a neat and unpretentious building, and has a large seating capacity. The congregation has a semi-rural appearance, though judging from the responses and interjections it is of a very devotional sort. The Hon. John Macdonald is financially the backbone of the church, and often preaches there himself.

During prayer I noticed a great diversity of attitude, some sitting, others kneeling and standing, giving to the audience a most incongruous appearance. The music is not first-rate, the choir singing like a Sunday school class, and in some respects acting like one. The fault was perhaps confined to two or three, but I cannot imagine how young ladies can sit, and, in the face of the audience, whisper and giggle, while the pastor, almost within reach of their hands, is engaged in prayer.

The Rev. Mr. Bishop is a man of medium size, with blonde hair and beard, and powerful bass voice which is now and then marked by a nasal note. He is exceedingly graceful in his attitudes and gesticulations, and offers an effective prayer, though frequently making the mistake, common amongst preachers, of attempting to convey too much information to the Deity. The text books used by theological students inform them that it is improper in their prayers to chronicle facts and make statements to the Almighty, who knows all things and does not need the gratuitous information so frequently offered. A sample of this sort of explanatory petition is given by Max O'Rell in a story he tells of a Scotch elder who, while addressing his Maker, said, "Oh, Lord, gie' us the facultee o' ree-cepteeity—that is to say, the power o' receivin' impressions." Another point worthy of attention was the frequent use of the third person. In ordinary conversations and petitions it is customary to use the first person. So often did this occur in Mr. Bishop's prayer that it frequently gave it the sound of being addressed to the audience.

Mr. Bishop has a ready command of excellent English, and his sermon was well put together, carefully divided and well delivered. After reading the second of Ephesians he took for his text the 5th chapter of II. Cor., 17th verse:

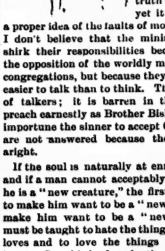
Therefore if any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new. (18) And all things are of God, who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; (19) To wit that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation. (20) Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though Christ did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. (21) For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him.

Subject: The ministry of reconciliation. (1) Its foundation. (2) Its method. (3) Its character. (4) Its spirit. (5) Its responsibilities.

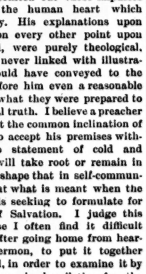
These were the divisions as I remember them. He began by telling us that God is not a wrathful being seeking an excuse for causing pain. In the hymn which the audience had just sung, He was spoken of as an "offended God." He would rather that word "offended" were stricken out and replaced by "loving," for out of His great love God had always longed for the salvation of mankind. It was man who had become alienated and must be reconciled. It struck me on this point that Brother Bishop, while criticizing the second hymn, should have taken occasion to explain the first one—No. 122, I think it was—which in the second to the last verse speaks about God being reconciled. This happened to be in direct opposition to his introduction. Little things of this sort sometimes cause an appearance of inconsistency, though the preacher certainly should not be held responsible for the poetic license of those who have written the hymns. He continued to explain that the scripture recognizes but two classes of men, those who love God and those who hate him. There is no middle class. All the culture of the most refined centuries has been unable to separate from the class who hate God those who, having many good qualities and estimable traits of character, have not accepted Christ. The man who has not accepted Christ and become a new creature not only has rejected Him, but is in active enmity to Him. The unregenerate man of necessity hates God and makes war on him. Theologically this is no doubt true, but Mr. Bishop with great advantage might have pointed out those impulses and desires of the human heart which prompt his enmity. His explanations upon this point, as upon every other point upon which he touched, were purely theological, and his arguments never linked with illustrations such as would have conveyed to the mixed audience before him even a reasonable understanding of what they were prepared to accept as a doctrinal truth. I believe a preacher should fight against the common inclination of the congregation to accept his premises without scrutiny. No statement of cold and abstract theology will take root or remain in the mind in such a shape that in self-communion one can find out what is meant when the untrained reason is seeking to formulate for itself the Plan of Salvation. I judge this to be true, because I often find it difficult on Sunday night after going home from hearing a doctrinal sermon, to put it together as the preacher did, in order to examine it by the rules laid down in homiletics for the guidance of students. I never take any notes, and if with a trained memory which long years of practice has made very retentive I cannot grasp the salient points and reproduce them, I often wonder what sort of fragments and undigested morsels are taken home by those who are unaccustomed to follow public speakers and are not assisted by a technical knowledge of theological methods and the construction of discourse. That people accept statements made by the preacher is not sufficient. We are told that we must always be ready to give a reason for the faith that is in us, and those reasons are not furnished the masses by deftly-knit sermons on doctrinal subjects. The great Teacher when He was on earth spoke to the people in parables, that by comparison with the things they knew they could remember the truths of which He spoke. I glanced over the audience and almost every eye which remained unclosed had an expression of easy content, which indicated their belief in the preacher, and a thorough willingness to accept what he was saying, without exerting any mental agility in following the thread of his argument. The one who accepts thus unreasoningly is in danger of falling, for at any moment he can be startled by a clever sophistry which appeals to his knowledge of worldly things, and he is unable to reply to it because of a lack of knowledge of things spiritual. It seems to me if I were in the pulpit nothing would so chill me as an audience willing to accept everything I had to say before I began. I am sure Mr. Bishop felt in the same humor, for as he continued he grew warmer in his argument, as if he were struggling against unbelief, not apathy, and in vain, because his hearers were not following him.

Every division of a preacher's discourse should be in itself intelligible, so that if the hearer heard nothing but the one division some truth would fasten itself upon him. Now, I am positive that not over a score of those who heard him can tell the difference between the matter under headings number two and three—the "method" and the "character" of the ministry of reconciliation. Nor could they give any good reason why they should remember the working out of these two divisions or why there should have been two instead of one. If this be true, it was over-divided or incompletely explained. They all understood and accepted the saying that the foundation of the ministry is in the Atonement, and, in the fourth place, that the mission should be not only earnest but importunate. Upon "its responsibilities" he was also clear, but outside of these three points they got but the meagre and oft-repeated information that it is the duty of the ambassador of Christ to tell the people of the Atonement and to importune all those who hear to accept it. The main thought was not brought out, and robed in such familiar words and joined to some such easily-remembered illustration that its method and character could not be forgotten.

Then we feelingly deplored the fact that while Paul's ministry was so earnest, his preaching so importunate that people cried out "he is beside himself," now-a-days the most popular preachers are neither so earnest or so importunate as to excite attention or arouse the animosity of the wicked. This truth was well stated, yet it did not convey a proper idea of the faults of modern preaching. I don't believe that the ministers of Christ shirk their responsibilities because they fear the opposition of the worldly members of their congregations, but because they find it so much easier to talk than to think. The world is full of talkers; it is barren in thinkers. They preach earnestly as Brother Bishop does; they importune the sinner to accept Christ, but they are not answered because they do not ask aright.



If the soul is naturally at enmity with God, and if a man cannot acceptably do right until he is a "new creature," the first thing to do is to make him want to be a "new creature." To make him want to be a "new creature" he must be taught to hate the things which he now loves and to love the things which he now hates. Can this be done by the rules of logic or the utterance of dogmas? If a girl is in love with some dissipated youth and her parents are anxious to turn her affections in some other direction, they always find it impossible to argue her out of her attachment, but frequently succeed in her success by showing her that its object is unworthy. When they succeed in proving to her that her lover is false and fickle, that her affection for him will degrade her, ruin her future and bring shame on her friends and end in misery for herself, if she has any sense she turns from him.



While it is perfectly in order for clergymen sometimes to present their credentials and set forth the method and character and spirit of their mission, one who is listening and seeking for light finds it uninstructive. Brother Bishop in his prayers and preaching—he is in the midst of revival services—made reference to the "imprisoned souls" and his desire to see them set at liberty. He showed us how the ministry of reconciliation is empowered to bring the message which will set them free. He told us to lay down our arms, that we had sinned, that the law had been magnified and justice appeased by Christ's sacrifice and that our surrender would be accepted if we met God in Christ, that we would not be accepted if we tried to meet Him anywhere else. Supposing that I had been appointed to save a certain number of people from impending evil. I meet them and show them proofs of my identity, tell them of the method and character and spirit of my mission, and earnestly beseech them and importune them to be reconciled to the one who was about to inflict penalties upon them; and ended by telling them to meet him in New York. If they believed me, would they not ask me of whereabouts in New York they might expect to find him? Would they not want all the particulars and where to go, how they would know him when they saw him, what they should say, what they should do? If I answered them, "Just go and meet him," and failed to give the information desired, what good would it do them that I had described my mission, its method and character and spirit? It seems to me that Brother Bishop left us just in that position, and the ones seeking light would go from the door groping through the darkness for the One they were to meet. Insomuch as this was the case I cannot believe that it was the class of sermon to do most good. Not that I intend by this that it was not well preached, for it was. The Rev. Mr. Bishop is a man of ability, and one who will be seen in greater pulpits than the one he now fills, and, as preachers are reckoned by those who employ them, has a future before him. But what are all these things? What is it to say to a man that it will not be many years before he will be pastor of the Metropolitan or be appointed to Carlton street church, when his mission, as he said, is to *save souls!*

What I have been trying to do in these articles is to point out to preachers the utter futility of dealing in generalities. Mr. Bishop in this respect is no more blameworthy than the vast majority of others, nor are his responsibilities lessened because he is one of many who have not yet applied their talents to the awakening of the sinner rather than to the preparation of neat doctrinal sermons which require little preparation, no originality and will do to preach over again in their next charge.

DON.

Enchantment.

For Saturday Night.

I pray you let not e'en the weight of one reluctant thought of me
Embitter blissful reveries of thine;
For should I shadow thy sweet life and bar fond sunshine's flood from thee,
'T would render most insufferable—mine.

In silent eloquence thy pure, exquisite graces seem'd to speak
Of inner charms, that peep'd thro' smiles and sighs;
And when the tell-tale, rosy flushes lightly crept across your cheek,
My soul lay captive 'neath thy lovely eyes.

A trembling doubt forbids the hope that tender memories may hast
And bring thy gentle heart no thrill of pain;
For you, perhaps, have learned, too soon, how to forget that brief, blithe post,
Wh'ch I so truly long to live again.

Yet, still, some truant recollection may, perchance, revert to me—
Without unkind restraint or keen regret—
So I shall drift, in transport, back to sweet remembrances of thee
And dare to dream you will not quite forget.

—EDWIN HYDE CARROLL.

Chat From The 'Varsity.

The little incident which occurred recently at Cobourg, although in itself more worthy of a ladies' school around the corner than of a university of such pretensions as our sister college, is yet interesting in one or two respects. No wonder that college journals are sneered at as school-boy productions if their tongues are to be tied and their enterprise quashed by a censorship such as seems to have been attempted on the editors of *Acta*. The spirit shown by the powers that be of Victoria has placed them in rather an invidious position in comparison for instance with our own senate, whose amendment of the curriculum on that very subject was so lately commended, or with our professors and instructors who frequently consult the students on what is for their best interest and generally encourage them to regard their collegiate course as implying something beyond the mere passing of examinations. Such a squabble must be very humiliating to all implicated.

*

The last issue of the *'Varsity* for the present academic year appears this week. An entirely new staff of editors will be on next year. The dinner will not be held until after the examinations.

*

A number of the graduating class are in favor of holding a dinner about Convocation day. The men are all together then, generally for the last time, and, like Dr. Davin, they may afterwards reflect:

"In other days round classic boards, I met
With those whose young brows bore the laurel,
Pure from stain."

*

A pleasant occasion for the Knox students was their informal dinner in the college dining hall on Wednesday evening of last week. Mr. J. J. Elliott, president of the tables, was in the chair. Mr. J. MacMillan responded to the toast for the 'Varsity, and Mr. M. C. Rumbale for Victoria, while Revs. Jno. Mackay, A. Henderson and J. MacMillan represented the graduates.

*

The applications for the arts examinations were to be in by the 13th.

*

The new committee of the modern language club met last week.

*

Mr. Donald Mackenzie, B. A., was the first proficiency man in the third year at Knox.

*

Messrs. A. J. Martin and J. McD. Duncan were equal on the second year.

*

Mr. H. E. A. Reid, B. A., was first in the first year.

*

Rev. H. M. Parsons received the degree of Doctor of Divinity at the closing of Knox on Thursday of last week.

*

Messrs. D. MacGillivray, B. A., and D. MacKenzie, B. A., passed the first examination on the B. D. work.

*

Most of the plucking was done among the literary men of Knox. Graduates of the University as a rule take the best stand.

*

Mr. Hugh Fraser announces the sale by auction of the periodicals that have accumulated in the reading room during the year, for this morning. The house committee complained that sometimes purchasers have been more ready to bid than to pay, and less credit will be allowed than formerly.

*

Mr. H. R. Fairclough, B.A., was appointed president of the 'Varsity' tennis club. The courts have not been marked yet. Last year they seemed to be little used. Possibly many of the ladies will join, though they appear very studious of late and may sometimes be seen carrying books which do not match the color of their gloves.

TOGA.

Here and There.

VERY PROVOKING.

How they praised and they applauded,
And her every action lauded,
And declared she'd be rewarded—
Yes, indeed, rewarded richly—in the land beyond the sky.
"For," quoth they, "of the many
In our family not any
In usefulness or patience can with her begin to vie."

Then they turned them to their pleasures,
And added to their treasures,
And took all sorts of measures
To leave her alone to battle with the troubles and the cares.
For she seemed so well to bear them
That they felt no call to share them,
Though, as oft as they remembered, she was mentioned in their prayers.

And it caused some indignation,
And no very slight vexation,
When their overworked relation
Closed her tired eyes upon the earth and softly sighed "Good-by!"
And while a few tears giving
(More than e'er they gave her living),
They murmured, "How provoking 'tis that she should go and die!"

—*Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Weekly.*

Two individuals, at any rate, will profit materially by the death of the late Kaiser Wilhelm—the Empress Victoria and Sir Morell Mackenzie.

The great specialist thus far has reaped very little from his Imperial patient's sufferings save petty jealousy and a considerable amount of free advertising. He will now receive something more substantial than an empty decoration, as the late Emperor's will places in Frederick William's hand the power to materialize the cheque which up to the present has been a very visionary document to Sir Morell Mackenzie.

To the Princess Royal of England the last two months have been pregnant with events of the utmost importance. As dowager Crown Princess—in the event of the death of her husband before his father—a permanent residence in some lonely *Schloss*, with a limited income, would have been the unenviable lot of the now Empress-wife of the head of the great house of Hohenzollern.

Prince Albert once said to his son-in-law, "You will find that your wife has the heart of a child, with a man's head." Baron Stockman at the same date wrote, "Unquestionably she will turn out a very distinguished woman, one whom Prussia will have cause to bless." Prophetic words which time will amply justify.

A pretty story was current at the time of her engagement with Prince Frederick William in 1852. The Prussian envoy, Von Bunsen, whilst waiting in an ante-room for an audience, amused himself with looking over several pictures heaped on a side table. His attention was particularly attracted to a picture of the old farm house on the old field of Waterloo, "*La Belle Alliance*," by which name the great battle is known to the Belgians. Several portraits of the Princess Royal and Prince Frederick William were in the room, and the *tendresse* of the royal couple for each other being more than guessed at, the wily envoy placed a portrait of each on the table and crossed them with the picture bearing the significant legend, "*La Belle Alliance*." The point was taken, and the engagement of the royal lovers was formally announced to the world."

Cupid is in serious trouble over in Germany. Alexander of Battenburg, ex-Prince of Bulgaria, wants to marry a daughter of Emperor Frederick, and, as he holds three queens in his hand, Victoria of England, Victoria of Germany and the Dowager Queen of the late Kaiser, he approaches the game with royal assurance. Bismarck says these nuptials must stop, and he serves notice to that effect like Master Walter in the Hunchback. His pledges of neutrality in the Bulgarian matter make it impossible for him to sanction this union and keep faith with Russia. Frederick has the Chancellor's ultimatum. If the marriage goes ahead Bismarck goes out of the Cabinet. And yet the young people are said to be really in love. Cupid is badly handicapped in a society where he has to cut his garment to suit the cloth.

The maiden has doffed her seal sacque,
For the bright days of spring have come bacque
And she wants papa's cheque
Her person to decque
If his funds will sustain the attacque.

Joseffy, "the boy phenomenon," has proved a veritable gold mine to Abbey, the only drawback to which is that the father of the youthful wonder is up in arms, and, up to date, is likely to remain master of the situation. The true inwardness of the matter seems to be this: The impressario has netted something like $75,000 on the venture, whilst the natural guardian of the boy has received short of $3,000. To the untutored mind of the latter there appears to be something unequal in the partnership, which he seeks, somewhat naturally, to have placed on a more remunerative basis so far as Joseffy *pere* is concerned.

Abbey contends that the worthy author of musical phenomenons has caught the great American star's disease, known in the vernacular as "Big Head," and not only has he caught it, but has taken the disease in its most malignant form.

Dr. Fulton is still with us and the Proto-Roman waters are decidedly turbid. A little bird whispers that the stand taken in a past number of SATURDAY NIGHT on this subject has been endorsed by the Minister of Education who was applied to by Dr. Fulton for information regarding the workings of the Separate School system. Whilst keeping within the strict line of courtesy the Hon. Mr. Ross plainly characterized the Doctor's present visit a mistake. The Doctor demurred to this, and pressed the Minister to attend one of his lectures and be convinced. But the Minister of Education remained true to first principles, and declined, very properly, to become a convert to Dr. Fultonism.

Canon Wilberforce, at the close of a speech at Exeter Hall, London, recently, related a story that is worth repeating. He was appealing for funds, and he told how a shy young bridegroom, during the marriage ceremony, said to his bride, "With all my goodly words I thee endow." "Your goodly words are admirable," corrected the clergyman, "but, just now, we want your wordly goods."

It is not good to be a Wesleyan in the villages of Harewood and Dunkeswick, near Leeds, England. Lord Harewood allows them a chapel at Harewood on condition that (1) no service is held during church hours, (2) that no Sunday school is conducted, but only a Bible class, and that not in church hours, and (3) that the sacraments of baptism and holy communion are not administered. In Dunkeswick, they can neither buy nor lease land from his lordship's agents. While this kind of persecution is going on, we are training missionaries to convert the misguided heathen.

The ever popular Erminie has been with us again this week, and from the large audiences which have listened with delight to its charming music, and cried with laughter at its comicalities, it seems as if no amount of repetition could make it become stale. The reason for this marvellous popularity is not far to seek. It does not depend as most plays do on the working out of the plot and bringing everything at the denouement to a happy issue. The plot in Erminie does not amount to a row of pins, and we do not care whether it comes to a climax or not. Everybody is so happy and everything goes rattling along in such a dust of fun, with sweet music and beautiful scenery that the story is entirely lost sight of. The only villains in the play are the two thieves, Cadeaux and Ravenne, and they are such amusing rascals—the very personification of rags and revelry—that we have no hard feelings towards them, and almost feel sorry when they are brought in manacled at the close; but our sorrow is at once dispelled, when Cadeaux intimates in the language of old Weller that he can "prove a halibi." Though these two are the great fun producers of the play the acting of Alfred Klein as Simon the waiter, and Georgie Dennin as Gavotte was productive of considerable merriment. The night I was there a young woman who sat not far from me seemed to be completely overcome with laughter. The tears stood in her eyes, and even when the rest of the crowd had ceased I could hear the suppressed ripple of her uncontrollable merriment, which burst forth again in a jolly peal when the renewed shouts of the crowd allowed her an opportunity to have her laugh out. There is a strong vein of cheerful and healthy humor running through the whole play, and the effect of this is heightened by the introduction of a pathetic touch here and there as for instance the Lullaby song. When we join this humor, this pathos, this sweet and catching music to a dream of lovely faces and forms clad in beautiful garments and set off by most magnificent effects is it any wonder that people go again and again to see Erminie?

The changes in the cast since last this company was here are generally conceded to have been for the better. Miss O'Keefe scored a decided success as Cerise. She sings well and acts well, and has a shy, modest air, which is decidedly taking. Many who saw Georgie Dennin as Gavotte when Erminie was here last year gladly welcomed her back.

Geo. W. Peck has much to answer for. As a humorous newspaper writer he has poured forth a great deal of "funny stuff" in his day. Some of it was queer—very queer—and some of it was good. His humor is not at all delicate and it requires a robust constitution to "stand up to it." Away back in the early part of his career he, in one of his effusions, struck off a parody in a portion of a Fourth of July song which showed the bent of his genius. It was this:

"Forever float thy standard cheese,
Where breathes the foe that falls before us,
With Government sucks upon our feet,
And Limburg fragrance streaming o'er us."

Down through the years, as we follow his writings, this favorite Dutch edible is lugged in frequently for prodigious effect, and I was not at all surprised when I found the fragrant Limburger worked into the play at the Toronto Opera House the other evening. Even the incomparable genius of the Bad Boy was comparatively useless without the aid of this powerful stimulant. The Bad Boy when originally written appeared, as we all know, in weekly sketches in *Peck's Sun*, and they varied in quality, no doubt, according to the state of health and temper Mr. Peck happened to be in when he wrote them. They were soon published in book form. Some of them were taken and worked into shape to serve as a drama. We may say of this as the sailors say of a poorly modelled vessel, it was built by the mile and cut off where required. And ever since then the Grocery Man and the Bad Boy have been roaming about seeking whom they may devour, and perhaps by their mirth producing antics injuring considerably the medical profession throughout the country. The Atkinson Comedy Company is strong neither in numbers nor talent. Scarcely one of them rises above mediocrity. Fred Clarke as the Grocery Man is funny in his way, and Miss Heath gives promise of something better, but the rest of the cast are not worth mention.

Augustin Daly's great play, Under the Gaslight, with P. T. Turner as manager, will hold the boards at the Toronto Opera House all next week. Matinees will be given on Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday. The company is said to be a powerful one, and assisted by splendid scenery and stage setting, cannot fail to give a good evening's entertainment. New music, new songs, and new dances are introduced, all of which, with the thrilling interest of the plot, combine to make the play highly successful wherever it appears.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

That was a curious metaphor in which the Louisville *Commercial* declared that time had "written no wrinkles on Lotta's nimble heels."

Lawrence Barrett pins his faith to the insurance policy. He carries a life insurance in different companies aggregating $120,000.

The exact receipts of the Booth-Barrett three weeks' engagement in San Francisco this season were $69,000. The total receipts of Mr. Booth's four-weeks' engagement last year in the same city were $68,000.

The widow of John T. Raymond, who was Rose Eytinge's pretty daughter, Courtney Barnes, is in London. It is said she lives on the American equivalent of £1 per week, added to the little which she is able to earn as companion to Kate Forsyth. All that the generous, improvident, happy-go-lucky, match-you-for-a-hundred Raymond left at his death yields his widow an income (for life) of $5 a week.

Genius was ever eccentric. It is a pretty well settled fact, that while Richard Mansfield is a gentleman—well-bred, accomplished and all that—there are times when he makes very tired those who belong to his contingent. During his latest Boston engagement he had one of his appalling tantrums and John Stetson was sent for. That sturdy man and vigorous talker (the emphasis of whose speech sometimes makes the earth tremble,) hastened stageward in answer to the imploring summons.

Half an hour later he emerged with perspiration trickling down his nose.

"Well, by Crymus!" he panted, "you fellers say I'm a kicker; but I'm a parody compared to Mansfield."

Frank Mayo is regarded by many who are unacquainted with his vigorous and independent thought and his habit of plucking out the heart of a mystery, as a dogmatic theorist. There are, however, few men on the stage more practical, every-day and level-headed than Mayo. In a recent conversation with Harrison Grey Fiske he said:

"All this bother about geniuses flying straight to places of eminence on the stage is rubbish. Acting is the most practical trade in the world, to be learned and practiced to a point of proficiency like any other business-like pursuit. Of course the dramatic capacity of different people varies, but give me a person with a fair voice, a suitable appearance and I'll give you a good actor after a few seasons of hard work.

"But the trouble with the profession nowadays is that novices aren't contented to learn the dramatic trade. They apply themselves industriously enough until they happen to make a hit, and then they become spoiled. A little applause, a little newspaper flattery, and then big heads are visible. The development of the novice is arrested forthwith, and the people wonder why Miss What's-her-name or Mr. So-and-so hasn't realized the early promise of her or his career.

"There is altogether too much hurry to get on. The young people become professionally bow-legged through taking the more difficult walks of the stage too soon. It's a failing common to the human race. When God made man He waited to put the breath into his nostrils the last thing, because if He had done this before, man wouldn't have stood still to be finished. I don't want to know any dramatic geniuses; I want to keep at a distance from them, and concern myself with the people who don't know it all at birth, but are willing to work and learn."

A knot of theatrical agents had their heels on the table in Manager Charley White's omnibus office telling stories of bouquet-giving.

Agent Hamilton, of the Boston Ideals, an old newspaper man, who has not been long enough in the opera business to have forgotten his former habit of telling the truth, thus delivered himself:

"We were playing at Minneapolis and doing a standing-room-only business. One night I noticed sitting on the last row a couple whose appearance indicated a long experience of farm life. Darby was old and weather-beaten, but under his grizzly beard reposed a kindly face, while the dear old Joan seemed one of those placid women that remind you of your own grandmother, and recall blessed visions of home-made 'potato' bread and Rhode Island greening pies.

"Both were absorbed in the performance ('Daughter of the Regiment'), and particularly in little de Lussan; and when several bouquets were handed up, the old lady leaned over to her husband and said: 'John, I wish we could give her something.'

"I did not catch what the old man said in reply, but the next night, at the end of the first act of 'Victor,' I heard a commotion at the door, and went out to investigate. There were the old couple of the night before. Each carried a big basket, and they were trying to persuade the door-tender to send them down to the footlights. I saw the idea, and would not for a night's receipts have hurt the feelings of those good, old souls. So I took them with their baskets back on the stage. We went to Mlle. de Lussan's dressing-room, where she stood in her costume of the Parisian street singer. I introduced the visitors to her. The old man tried to make a speech, but the good old wife floored him by the way in which she stepped up to the prima donna, and in the motherliest and kindliest tone said: 'My dear, we've seen you and heard you, we couldn't afford to order flowers, but we've brought you something from home—something of our own.'

"Here the old man opened the baskets and disclosed three dozen fresh eggs, and as many of the roslest and most tempting apples that ever I saw.

"Embarrass de Lussan? No, you don't know her. She just flung her arms around that old lady's neck and gave her a dozen kisses as big as the big red apples. I never saw happier human beings than those simple-minded old people. Talk about your 'magnificent and costly floral tributes' as much as you like, but there was the most disinterested compliment that was ever paid to an artist."

If!

If only once in the long dull year,
For the space of a word, for the space of a breath,
We could see our dead whom we hold most dear,
Death would not be death.

—*Adapted from Ernest Renan.*

Highland Mary.

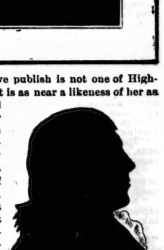
THIS name is one well known and reverenced by Scotchmen all over the world. Not Scotchmen alone is the reverential feeling confined. Lovers of literature and admirers of genius in every country and of every nationality, who have mastered the English language have been touched by the simple songs of him who has immortalized this name. Many persons of the name of Mary may have lived and died in the highlands of Scotland to whom this title would be applicable. But there is only one Highland Mary known to the world, and she is the simple country maiden whose charms of person and manner kindled the flame of love in the susceptible heart of Robert Burns. He has written her name in undying characters, and she will live in immortal youth with the genius in whose life her story forms a chapter so beautiful and so sad. The part which she plays in the devious career of Burns is the part which the admirers of the poet can look upon with greatest pleasure and satisfaction. His affection for her seems to have been the purest and sweetest of all his attachments. The memory of their brief courtship, with its romantic parting and ending, made a strong impression on the poet's mind, and on the third anniversary of her death he composed that beautiful song, To Mary in Heaven, which Lockhart justly calls "the noblest of all his lyrics." This was after he married Jean Armour and during his residence at Ellisland. He had been very downcast all day and towards evening went out into the barnyard, where he strode restlessly up and down till after dark. On coming in he sat down at once and wrote the song. Such an interest was taken in this event by some persons, that mathematical calculations were made to discover what particular planet was the evening star which he addresses:

"Thou lingering star with lessening ray,
That loves to greet the early morn."

It is a curious fact, as showing how quickly sunshine followed shadow in Burns' nature, that three days after the creation of this song, he composed that most famous of all drinking songs, Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut.

The strong countenance and large dark eyes of Burns are familiar to everybody through the portraits affixed to his works. A real portrait of Highland Mary, however, has never been seen. Thousands of imaginary ones have, doubtless been conjured up by the readers of the beautiful lines which made her famous. But we are ever deceived by the radiance with which a poetical mind invests the subject of which it writes or speaks, and it is probable that an imaginary portrait would be far from the truth. Gilbert Burns tells us that the heroines of his brother's songs did not appear to ordinary observers to be possessed of much of the uncommon beauty and grace with which the poet had invested them. We who live in these days of photography scarcely realize the difficulty our predecessors labored under in the matter of portraits. The paintings by which the likenesses of the rich and great are preserved to us were not for the poor. If they could afford a picture it did it was of the kind known as the silhouette, which consisted merely of a profile outline filled in with black, as is shown in the accompanying silhouette of Robert Burns. Such were the unsatisfactory portraits with which the people of that time had to be contented, and were pleased; and it is doubtful if the class to which Highland Mary belonged could afford even the poor luxury of a silhouette.

The portrait we publish is not one of Highland Mary, but it is as near a likeness of her as the world will ever see. Our picture is taken from a photograph of Mary Robertson, a grandniece of Mary Campbell. Such a distant connection is not usually favorable to the retention of a likeness, but in this case, where it is likely that a great deal of attention would be paid to it, the resemblance is said to have been striking. Mary Robertson's mother also greatly resembled her aunt, Highland Mary, but as she had no picture taken till she was forty years of age she had largely lost the likeness she bore to the lassie who parted from the poet on the banks of the Ayr. Mary Robertson when this photograph was taken was but twenty years of age. The old fashioned style of hair dressing gives her face an aged and matronly appearance unsuited to her years. She had the same fair hair, blue eyes, Grecian nose and full rounded chin which were the prominent characteristics of Highland Mary's countenance.



We are told that Mary Campbell was a beautiful girl, rather tall, fair complexion, and of a gentle, amiable disposition. Her grave is in the burial ground of the West Kirk, in Greenock, close to the Firth of Clyde. It is marked by a monument erected over it by the admirers of Burns.

Belay! Belay There!

WITH a clang and a bang, from the steeple, is calling
The voice of the bell—rising higher and higher—
But its bang and its clang is as naught to the squalling
Of the belle o' the church who sits with the choir.

—H. K. C.

Senator Berry of Arkansas tells his friends of a trial for assault in his State, in the course of which a club, a rail, an axe handle, a knife, and a shot-gun were exhibited as "the instruments with which the deed was done." But it was also shown that the assaulted man defended himself with a revolver, a scythe, a pitchfork, a chisel, a hand-saw, and a dog. The jury, Mr. Berry says, came to the conclusion that they'd have given a dollar apiece to have seen the fight.

Mr. Cyrus Foss, son of the eloquent and learned bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was introduced to an eminent minister of that church at a recent reception at Minneapolis. "Ah," said the minister, "you are the son of Bishop Foss, are you? I know him very well, and am glad to know you. I suppose you are going to be a minister, too?" "No, sir," replied the young man, promptly, "I am going to earn my living!"

Registered in Accordance with the Copyright Act.

WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN WHICH A LOVE STORY DEVELOPS SOMEWHAT.

When Ben's interview with the Hoopers was over he hurried home and it was scarcely half-past nine as he slipped quietly on the stoop without the farm-house and peered through the kitchen window. Bessie was sitting by the table with some sewing in her lap, while Hope, with a book before her, sat opposite. They were talking earnestly, and he had never before seen Hope's face look brighter or lovelier.

Ben tapped gently at the door. At once the conversation ceased and Bessie demanded:

"Who's there?"

"Open the door and see," answered Ben.

"Why, it's Ben," he heard her exclaim. A bolt was slipped and the door opened.

"Who would have thought of seeing you at this hour of the night?"

"No one who doesn't know my habits. I heard up at the village that the old man wouldn't be home to-night so I thought I'd come down and have a little talk with you and Miss Campton over the matters we were discussing to-day." Then turning to Hope he asked, "Have you found any of those papers I spoke of?"

"You are very good indeed, to take so much interest," she answered with a blush, "but your father has them all and as he is not back yet I could not get them."

"They are yours, Miss Campton, and not his. If Bessie can tell me where they are I'll go and get them for you."

"They are in the top drawer of the bureau in father's room," cried Bessie jumping up and preparing to lead the way.

"But—but—would it be right to take them when he is away?" questioned the conscientious Hope.

"I think it would," answered Ben coolly. "I know we would not get them when he is home, and as they are yours, if you will constitute me your attorney I'll hold myself guilty of all the sin connected with examining them. By-the-way, here is a little confession I extorted from that Hooper woman." As Ben tossed it over to Hope he began a most graphic description of his interview with "Jarge" and the wheezy old person who had worked so much mischief to Hope.

"Not so loud," whispered Bessie warningly, as Ben joined in the chorus of laughter his description excited, "or you'll wake Israel and Lyra."

That Ben had accomplished so much in her behalf warmed Hope's heart, and when Bessie returned to the parlor with the bureau drawer, in which her father's state papers were kept, her gentle eyes were swimming in tears.

"You can't imagine the load you have lifted from my mind. I could have died with shame to-day when you told me what people were saying, but now I know that is all past and people will treat me differently," cried she, pressing her hands against her heart—and, continuing after an instant's pause—"till they hear the other thing."

"Well, now, don't commence to fret yourself about the 'other thing' until we have commenced to examine it," said Ben, cheerfully, as he glanced hurriedly over the papers before him. A couple of small blue documents were in his hand. He glanced first at the one and then at the other, and in spite of himself his face changed.

"What's the matter?" asked Hope, anxiously, her hand trembling as she reached it forth in a voiceless demand for the papers.

The lamp stood on the little parlor table, over which the papers were scattered. Bessie, with that intuitive knowledge of the sudden changes of things which is characteristic of a clever woman had slipped quietly out of the room, leaving Ben and Hope together.

"This is the marriage certificate of your parents," answered Ben, quietly, "and this the registration of your birth."

"Let me see them," whispered Hope, almost inarticulately, a blush suffusing her face and neck.

"Never mind, Miss Campton," he answered, replacing the other papers in the drawer, "I'll take care of them."

"I must see them," she cried, chokingly. "Give them to me!"

He handed them to her, watching her face intently as she studied them for a moment, and then folding them quietly gave them back. Her face was as white as marble, her eyes downcast and her lips pressed tightly together.

"He told the truth; there is a stain on the memory of my parents and on my own name. In spite of everything I didn't believe it, but now," she whispered, looking up at him with eyes large and tearful with regret, "I'm sorry I know it! I know that what you have done was for my good, but I'm almost sorry I didn't let the matter drop and still live with a half faith in the past."

She rose as if to leave the room, but Ben's gentle hand and kindly voice detained her.

"Hope," he said eagerly, "don't mistake my motives. What I have done and what I propose to do is because I love you. Don't start away from me, because I don't intend to press my suit. I tell you now for fear you may think I deceived you, and I love you most because you hate deceit. Your loyalty to a father which made you dislike me in the summer; your love of your parents, which made you think it a sin to smile or sing after they were laid away in the grave; the honor and purity that shone out of your eyes; the truth and affection heard in every vibration of your voice, made me love you and trust you with my whole heart. While I was away from you every tender memory, except that of mother, was replaced by thoughts of you. When Israel wrote to me that you were in trouble and that father was the cause of it I came back in the hope that since you had seen father in his true colors you might for give me for the conduct which seemed heartless and unnatural when you believed in him and I hated him."

Hope stood looking at him in speechless amazement, and though Ben was chilled by the thought that she hadn't thought of him as he had of her, he was not discouraged.

"All this, no doubt, surprises you. You wonder that a few days of a sorrowful summer could last so long in my memory, but those were days I will never forget—the last day I saw my mother, the days of sorrow and remorse which followed—they are pages of my life to which my memory turns with an eager sorrow, brightened by nothing except the hope that mother is better off and the picture of your face which has ever been to me the symbol of a pure woman whose heart is full of love of that nature which 'suffereth long and is kind, which thinketh no evil' of one that it loves. You cannot understand how I have hungered for love which will help me and not criticize me. I have wandered and wavered and suffered so much that it has become my one ambition to find someone who has never wandered, never wavered and never suffered for love's sake, to whom I will be everything in the name of love, and she shall be to me a tie binding me to better things, as my mother was—sweetness and beauty and goodness, without a stain of earth upon her. You look at me and wonder! It seems strange to you that I should talk as I do, but remember, Hope, that love knows no masters and observes no rules. I am a worldling, and can see Heaven only through you. I am old, and yet love never came to me before. I have been faithless; but in you I have faith. I am cruel enough to delight because you are in trouble, for in it I can hope to make you think of me while I try to serve you. Nothing that has been said, nothing that has been written," cried Ben fervently, as he took the faded blue papers out of his hands, "can make you less to me than you are. Nothing but the acceptance of my love and the gift of yours can make me happier than I am now, standing before you begging that you may think of me and believe in me as you have believed in others who have not loved you more than I do. Don't answer me now. Say nothing, even if there is no hope for me."

Ben's eyes were never lifted from the beautiful face which watched him with so much wonder, and a slowly changing expression of interest and sympathy, as he spoke.

"I'll copy these papers and give them to Bessie in the morning. For a few days I'll be absent, and when I come back you will know whether there has been a mistake or not, but it will make no difference to me; I hope it will make none to you, if my errand is less successful than it was with Mrs. Hooper to-night."

Without waiting for a word of reply he quietly opened the door and let her precede him into the kitchen where Bessie was still busy with her sewing and thoughts which Ben would hardly have given her credit for. Womanlike she had already discovered the secret and was prepared to hate Hope if she manifested any sign of not loving Ben as she ought.

"Good night, little Bess," whispered Ben, bending down and kissing her tenderly, "Good night, Miss Campton! Pleasant dreams to both of you."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A CLEARING UP OF THE PAST.

As Ben walked towards the village he made up his mind that before leaving to investigate the correctness of the documents he carried in his pocket, he would arrange for the old Birch homestead to be made ready to receive his sisters, and a thrill of happiness came to him with the thought that some day he might live in peace there with Hope as his wife.

Before going to his room he engaged the hotelkeeper's horse and a driver to convey him to the county town. After he had copied the certificates he folded them in this little note addressed to Bessie:—

"Dear little Sister:

"There is now no telling when the lightning may strike and father come home with a bride. Men will be down in a day or two to fix up the old Birch house. You have the key. Have Israel look after things till I come back. Remember me to Hope.

"Lovingly yours, BEN."

After leaving the letter with a messenger instructed to deliver it next morning Ben started on his long ride through the cold December night, is heart warmed and his pulses quickened by the never fading vision of Hope's lovely face. As the wheels rattled over the frozen ground and the buggy lurched from side to side over the rough road Ben thought how smooth life's journey would be with Hope by his side. His past life, its disappointments, its reveries in which he had joined, the glare of the footlights, the laughter and applause of the audience, the gay women, the jokes of his comrades, came back to him as if they were part of a distant past. His ambitions shone as the merriest and most reckless of them all was gone, and there seemed no beauty in anything but the thought of Hope. Now and then the driver tried to engage him in conversation, but Ben replied in monosyllables, and at last the tavern lounger by his side relapsed into sullen silence.

Half an hour before the morning train left the town Ben's arrangements had all been made. He was pacing up and down the platform of the railway station waiting for the train, when his father, carrying a new oilcloth valise and wearing a shiny hat, entered the depot and purchased a ticket for the place in the Western States where he had been visiting in the summer. The Deacon did not observe Ben till he had entered the car, and after a start of surprise he acknowledged his son's significant "Good morning" by stammering, "Good mornin'; I didn't expect ish—teh—see you here."

"No, I suppose not," said Ben, coolly, seating himself opposite his father, "but I thought I might just as well go along with you and keep you out of mischief."

The Deacon's hatred of his son had become mixed with wholesome fear, and at the thought of being followed about the country by the self-possessed and sneering face which was just then scrutinizing him with unutterable contempt, his dirge of perspiration started out on the Deacon's florid brow.

"D'ye mean yeh're gunto follow me 'round wheen ever I go?"

"Well, that's about the size of it. I noticed the other night that you were hardly fit to travel alone, and as I haven't anything else to do, and knowing you are too generous to invite me, I reckoned I might as well be on hand to stand up at the wedding as a representative of the family which your future wife is to acquire."

The Deacon glanced around the car fearful lest some acquaintance might overhear the conversation. They were almost alone, and in his desperation the old man determined to "have it out" with Ben. A furious red light was burning in his eyes as he leaned his head forward and hissed at Ben in a shrill whisper, "Take heem, Ben Jones, that yeh don't kerry this thing too fur. If yeh follow me 'round when we git out yeh'll be th' death of yeh if I hang fer it th' next minnit."

"It's a long while since I was afraid of you, Deacon; you can't give me any bluff," retorted Ben coolly as he lifted his feet and disposed them comfortably on the seat beside his father. "We are likely to have a long journey together, and you may as well make up your mind to be good and get it out of order."

Ben's quiet strength and his steady eye overawed the old man, who, leaning his head in the corner by the window, covered his face with his hands and began to moan.

"That sort of thing is played out, Deacon," said Ben contemptuously. "You can't work on my feelings. It may have been a good way to bully mother and the girls, but the more you moan the better I feel pleased, it makes me really cheerful to see you have a fit."

Deep-drawn sighs and occasional sobs could still be heard behind the Deacon's hands.

"Do you remember," inquired Ben, leaning forward, "the morning you kicked me for not taking the cattle to water? Do you mind the day you knocked me down with a sled-stake because I said something back to you after you hit me over the mouth with your hand? Do you recollect that pleasant little episode when you abused mother because she brought up some bread and butter to my bedroom where I had been sent supperless, after a hard day's work, for no other reason than that devil of ugliness was in you as big as a woodchuck? I suppose you forget the Sunday morning you gave mother a shove and made her fall over the rocking chair because she put her arm around my neck and kissed me and told me not to cry, after you had beaten me for not getting the chores done early enough? I remember, if you don't, every time you ordered me off the farm, every taunt which greeted me when I came back because I wanted to see mother. I'll never forget them. I suppose your memory is not good enough to remind you of the morning I left for good, and you told me not to write to mother or ever dare show my face! If you remember all these things you won't be surprised when I tell you that I am not fond of you."

The Deacon crouched further into his corner, whining "But yeh don't say nuthin' a' how yeh acted teh me an' how yeh wus allu's comin' twixt me 'n' yer mother."

"No, I don't say anything about that. No matter how bad I acted you had nothing to do with mother for, and yet the other night you told Ruth Gilbert you never loved your wife, and sneered at her whose only weakness was her love for the brutal tyrant she married."

Ben rose up and seated himself beside his father the more conveniently to reproach him. With his elbow on the back of the seat and his lips close to his father's ear he whispered "Do you remember the funeral? Do your cruel eyes ever see the scars of toil on the dead hands which were folded on her breast? Do those cold lips ever whisper to you in your sleep? Does that dear old voice never sound in your ears? Do those eyes never stare at you in the darkness? Can it be that that form which stooped and trembled under the burdens you heaped upon it never bend s over your bed and asks you why you have so soon forgotten her who toiled early and late without a murmur! Does a cold hand never touch yours—

"Ben, for God's sake," screamed the Deacon, pushing his son away from him, "don't throw up nuthin' more teh me."

To prevent a scene Ben changed his seat and faced the trembling old man.

"Well, I thought maybe your memory wasn't very good and you'd like to have me remind you of some of the events which have gone to make our lives so pleasant. I can't wish you any worse luck than you will make for yourself. I suppose you are going out west to try to marry one of the Doyland girls. I don't intend to interfere. She will give you bitterer medicine than I can. As we are nearly at the junction I'll leave you to your own happy thoughts. If you will send me word I'll meet you at the station when you come back. You can rest assured we will try and make it pleasant for you at home."

As the train drew out of the Junction Ben could see his father's head leaning anxiously out of the window to see that his son did not re-embark, and then, full of bitter thought, he continued his journey to Hope's old home, still many miles away, where, after a day's search he found the old man whose name appeared as probate judge on Hope's birth certificate. Ben asked him if he remembered John Campton, who lived there twenty years ago.

"Well, I should say so. He married my cousin and helped elect me to office the next year after he was married. There was never a better man hereabouts than John Campton, and I don't believe any straighter, honester man ever lived than he was."

Without any more ado Ben told him the story.

"That can't be right, Mr. Jones; there is some mistake about that. Just come up to the court house with me and we'll see what's the matter. It isn't right, for I remember it just as well as if it were yesterday when John was married. I was at the wedding, and that was the year before I was elected—see—some time in 1860. Along in the fall of '61 I was elected, and took office at the beginning of '62; so they must have been married over a year before I could have signed any birth certificate. Yet you say my name was on that paper?"

Ben answered in the affirmative.

"And what day did you say it was?" demanded the judge, as he stood fumbling over the old folio. "Why, my name couldn't have been on it in '61. I wasn't in office then."

"Well, that is the date of the judge, and it's that date which has caused all the trouble."

"Why, there it is, in this book—'1862' printed right on the cover. I knew it couldn't have been in '61. That is one of the first entries I made in that book. I remember, now, when I see my writing there, the day John came into his new office and told me that it was a girl, and I wrote that in the book, with all those flourishes, right while he was standing there. And I said, 'As you're going away from here I'll just give you a certificate, and if your daughter ever presents that to me when you are dead and gone she can have the best I've got!' I remember how John laughed and said he was doing pretty well, and he hoped his girl wouldn't ever have to go begging."

"Why, judge, don't you notice that in that book you have got '185?'"

The judge stared at the entry for a moment and then began to laugh. "Well, now!" said he, "don't that beat all. I remember it all now, and like enough that certificate was just as you say. I was feeling so cocky over my election, and it just being after the new year and being accustomed to write '61,' I did not think to change the figures and went on writing the old number—see, I did it for three or four days. See, here is where I found out my mistake and began writing '62,'" cried the judge, pointing to the following page. "I guess there are heaps of folks who forget to alter the date for a day or two after the new year comes in."

"Yes," said the judge reflectively, "I remember how lots of the fellows around the court house laughed at me over the mistakes I made that way, but I never thought what carelessness would have got the daughter of my old friend Campton into trouble. You can see for yourself the mistake I made in this book, and I can see now how it all happened, but it won't take half an hour to get a right certificate and then you can go back and tell the people who've been talking about John Campton's daughter that they'll have to eat their words or old Judge Topper'll come over there and prosecute every mother's son of them for slander."

(To be Continued.)

Romance and Reality.

"James, dear, will you bring me up a bod of coal from the cellar?" said a busy wife.

"That's just the way with you," said James, with a black frown, as he put down his book and rose up from the lounge.

"Just the way with me!"

"Yes," he snapped. "As soon as you see me enjoying myself, you have some chore or another for me to do. Didn't you see I was absorbed in my reading?"

"Well, dear, I will do it myself."

"Yes, and then everybody, your mother especially, that you have to carry your own coal up from the cellar. No, I'll do it. Let me mark my place."

So he marked the place in the book at which he had ceased reading, and when he went down the cellar, grumbling all the way, she picked up the volume and found it was a love story, and that the passage he had been absorbed in was as follows: "My darling, when you are my wife, I will shield and protect you from every care, the winds of heaven shall not visit your face too roughly, those pretty hands shall never be soiled by menial tasks, your wish shall be my law, your happiness—

Just then he reappeared, and, dumping the hod on the floor, said: "There's your darned coal. Give me my book."

Is life worth living?

Questionings.

Tell me, O dying day,
Before thou fadest away
Kissing the sea,
Hast thou no vague regret,
Now that the sun is set,
That life is done?

Tell me, O rapturous night,
If the soft, starry light
Fills the desire?
Hast thou no discontent
When the warm day is spent
Without its fire?

Tell me, O world remote,
If no light shadows float
Over the sky?
Tell me, I fain would know
If longings come and go
After we die? SARA JEWETT.

Want of Perspicuity.

Parshley (who has lunched at the same restaurant with Gayjer without seeing him).—Some infernal rascal stole my hat in there, just now!

Gayjer—That's funny! I lost mine there, too! [And they part, resolving never to visit the place again.]

A Good Reason Why.

They had been talking of the sharp games played on innocent people by sharp men, when Green looked up and said:

"Gentlemen, I don't brag about my wife being sharper than a razor, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll write a note, sign it with my own name, and ask her to deliver my Sunday suit to bearer for repairs. You may send it up to the house, and I'll bet you $5 she'll be too sharp to let the clothes go."

"We'll take that bet," called two or three voices, and there being five of them, they chipped in a dollar apiece.

The note was written and signed and despatched by a messenger boy. In half an hour he returned, empty-handed as to clothes, but having a note which read:

"Come off the perch. All the clothes you have in the world are on your back."

"Gentlemen," said the winner, as he pocketed his fiver, "let me recommend it to you as something which always wins, and as I must meet a man at three o'clock, I will now bid you good day."

There was a Wedding, all the Same.

Wichita, Kan., girls stand no fooling. One of them was to have been married a day or two since, and the girl was all ready, the minister on hand, and the feast was spread, but still no bridegroom. "I'll wait for him just ten minutes, and then I'm open to proposals." The ten minutes flew like the wind, and a little red-haired fellow, with a paper collar, and his trousers frayed at the bottom, stepped up, proposed, was accepted, married, and scooped in the banquet.

Some Truth In It.

Tommy—Say, mamma, why don't you have some color in your cheeks, nowadays?
Mother—I have loaned it to your father to paint his nose with.

J. W. McADAM,
BOOTS and SHOES
Is moving to J. O'MALLEY'S old stand,
88 QUEEN STREET WEST
NEW STORE, NEW GOODS,
AND A REVOLUTION IN PRICES
Look out for bargains before moving from the corner.
J. W. McADAM,
Corner of Queen and Teraulay Streets.

SPRING 1888
FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM
63 KING STREET WEST
(Opp. *Mail* office, first floor). We will be prepared after the 19th inst. to show our Spring importations in Millinary Novelties, Pattern Hats, Bonnets, etc.
MRS. A. BLACK, Mgr., (formerly of No. 1 Rossin Block).

GEORGE A. CASE
REAL ESTATE BROKER.
25 Adelaide street East - Toronto.
Money to Loan.

SATURDAY NIGHT
IS FOR SALE EVERY WEEK AT
P. C. ALLAN'S, 35 King St. West.

- PATENTS -
REYNOLDS & KELLOND
Solicitors and Experts
24 King Street East, Toronto, 156 St. James Street, Montreal, Pacific Building, Washington, D. C.
Agencies in all Foreign Capitals. Trade Marks, Designs and Copyrights Registered.

A. S. Smith
HATTER
Manufacturer of Silk and Pullow Hats to Order
N. B.—We dye, clean and alter silk and felt hats.
122 YONGE STREET

RITCHIE, BARRETT & CO.
REAL ESTATE BROKERS
15 YONGE STREET ARCADE
Several mansions and handsome residence properties for sale. Those desiring to make a home in Toronto should communicate with us. Telephone 1352.

F. H. SEFTON
DENTIST
172 Yonge Street, next door to R. Simpson's Dry Goods Store
OFFICE HOURS—8 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

New Spring Styles
OF
FINE FURNITURE
G. W. TICKELL & CO.
Respectfully call attention to their
New Designs for the Spring Trade
and are showing only fashionable and reliable goods. The
UPHOLSTERED GOODS
department will be found especially attractive, as we paying particular attention to the manufacture of this class of furniture. The stock consists of the latest patterns frames and the finest quality coverings in the newest shades.
Mahogany, Oak and Walnut Suites
for the bedroom, dining-room and hall. Will be pleased to show visitors through our
NEW ESTABLISHMENT
G. W. TICKELL & CO.
108 and 110 KING ST. WEST
NEARLY OPPOSITE ROSSIN HOUSE. FEW DOORS EAST.

Wirt Fountain Pen
The greatest invention of the age. Writes the instant it touches paper and never fails. The cheapest and best on the market.
AGENTS WANTED.
Write for circulars.
CHAS. H. BROOKS
Canadian Agent,
Public Library Building, Toronto

DANCING
Those wishing to be taught properly and quickly will register at
Prof. Thomas' Academy, 77 Peter Street
Finest class-room and floor in Toronto. Reception, Ladies' and Gentlemen's dressing rooms in connection. New classes are continually forming. For particulars apply to PROF. THOMAS, *Principal*.
NOTE—New and original dances will be introduced.

Grand Moving Sale
STRATHERN
is moving to his new store, 393 Yonge Street, and for the next few days will have a grand clearing sale of
Stoves, Baby Carriages and Housefurnishing Goods
Come early and secure some of the great bargains.
J. M. STRATHERN & CO.
179 YONGE STREET

TORONTO
Steam Laundry
106 YORK STREET
LATE
54 WELLINGTON STREET WEST
Has removed to their new premises, erected specially for the Laundry business, 106 York Street, a few doors north of King Street.
G. P. SHARPE.

VAGABONDIA:

A Love Story.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Author of "A Fair Barbarian," "The Tide of the Moaning Bar," "Kathleen," "Little Lord Fauntleroy," etc.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BEGINNING OF THE ENDING.

It was some time before Griffith recovered from the effects of this simple announcement of Mollie's. Though he scarcely confessed as much to himself, he thought of it very much oftener than was conducive to his own peace of mind, and in thinking of it he found it assuming a greater importance and significance than he had at first recognized in it, and was influenced accordingly. He went home to his lodgings after hearing it, depressed and heavy of spirit, and the fact was he left Bloomsbury Place earlier than usual, because he longed to be alone. He could think of nothing but Dolly—Dolly in the white merino, shining like a stray star among her employer's guests, and gladdening the eyes of Ralph Gowan. He knew so well how she would look and how this fellow would follow her in his easy, artful fashion, without rendering himself noticeable, and manage to catch her alone before the evening and hold his place as if he had a right to it, and he knew, too, how natural it would be for Molly's eyes to light up in her pleasure at being saved from boredom, and how her innocent gladness would show itself in a score of pretty ways. And it was as Mollie said—it was for Dolly's sake that Ralph Gowan was there to-night.

"She must know that it is so herself," he groaned, dropping his head upon the table, "but she cannot help it, how could she? She would if she could. Yes, I'll believe that. She could never be false to me. I must hold fast to that in spite of everything. I should go mad if I didn't. I could never lose you, Dolly, I could never lose you!"

But he groaned again the next moment—groaned from the bottom of his desperate heart. He had become tangled in yet another web of misery.

"It is only another proof of what I have said a thousand times," he cried out, wretchedly. "My claim upon her is so weak a one, that this fellow does more than she does regarding. He thinks it may be set aside—they all think it may be set aside. I should wonder," clenching his hand and speaking through his teeth, "I should not wonder if he has laughed many a time at his fancy of how it will end, and how easy it will be to thrust the old love to the wall!"

He fairly raged within himself at the thought.

At this moment, in the first rankling sting of humiliation and despair, he could almost have struck a murderous blow at the man whom fortune had set on such a pinnacle of pride and insolence, as it seemed to his jealous fancy. He was not in the mood to be either just or generous, and he saw in Ralph Gowan nothing but a man who had both the power and will to rival him, and rob him of peace and hope for ever. If Dolly had been with him, in all probability his wretchedness would have evaporated in a harmless outburst, which would have brought the girl's heart so tenderly that she would have withheld nothing of love and consolation which could reassure him, and so in the end the tempest would have left no wreck behind. But as it was, left to himself and his imaginings, every thought held its bitter sting. He was, as it were, upon the very brink of an abyss.

And while this danger was threatening her, Dolly was setting herself steadfastly to her task of entertaining her employer's guests, though it must be confessed that she found it necessary to summon all her energies. She was thinking of Griffith, but not as Griffith was thinking of her. She was picturing him looking desolate among the group round the fire at Bloomsbury Place, or else working desperately and with unnecessary energy among the dust and gloom of the dimly-lighted office; and the result was that her spirit almost failed. It was quite a relief to encounter Ralph Gowan, as she did, on entering the room; he had seen them all latterly, and could enter into particulars; and so in her pleasure, it must be owned that her face brightened, just as Griffith had fancied it would, when she shook hands with him.

"I did not hear that you were coming," she said. "How glad I am!" which was the most dangerous speech she could have made under the circumstances, since it was purely on her account that he had diplomatized to obtain the invitation.

He did not find it easy to release her hand all at once, and certainly he lingered up also, and actually flushed high with gratified feeling.

"Will you let me tell you that it was not Miss MacDowlas who brought me here," he said, in a low voice; "though I appreciate her kindness, as a grateful man ought. Vagabondia is desolate without you."

She tried to laugh, but could not; her attempt broke off in the little almost unconscious sigh, which always touched him, he scarcely knew why.

"Is it?" she said, looking up at him without a bit of the old brightness. "Don't tell them, Mr. Gowan, but the fact is I am desolate with out it. I want to go home."

He felt his heart leap suddenly, and before he could check himself he spoke.

"I wish—I wish," he said, "that you would let me take you home." And the simply sounding words embodied a great deal more of tender fancy than a careless observer would have imagined; and Dolly recognising the thrill in his voice, was half startled.

But she shook her head, and managed to smile.

"That is not wisdom," she said. "It savors of the lilies of the field. We cannot quarrel with our bread and butter for sentiment to live in Vagabondia. Did you know that Mollie had paid me a visit this evening!—or perhaps you saw her; I think she went out as you came in."

"Mollie!" he said, surprisedly; and then looking half annoyed, or at least a trifle disturbed, he added, as if a sudden thought had occurred to him: "then it was Mollie, Chandos spoke of."

"Chandos!" echoed Dolly. "Who is Chandos—and what did Chandos say about Mollie?"

He glanced across the room to where a tall, handsome man was bending over a fussy little woman in pink.

"That is Chandos," he said; "and since you spoke of Mollie's visit, I recollect that as we came into the house Chandos was behind me and lingered a moment or so, and when he came to me afterwards he asked if I had seen the face that passed us as we entered. It had roused his enthusiasm as far as it can be roused by anything."

"It must have been Mollie," commented Dolly, and she looked at the man on the opposite side of the room, uneasily. "Is he a friend of yours?" she asked, after scrutinizing him for a few seconds.

Gowan shrugged his shoulders.

"Not a friend," he answered, dryly. "An acquaintance. We have not much in common."

"I am glad to hear it," was Dolly's return. "I don't like Chandos."

She could not have explained why she did not like him, but certainly she was vaguely repelled, and could not help hoping that he would never see Mollie again. He was just the man to be hazardous to Mollie: handsome, polished, ready of speech, and perfect in manner, he was the sort of man to dazzle and flatter any ignorant, believing child.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, half aloud, "I could not bear to think that he would see her again."

She uttered the words quite involuntarily, but Gowan heard them, and looked at her in some surprise, and so awakened her from her reverie.

"Are you speaking of Mollie?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, candidly, "though I did not mean to speak aloud. My thoughts were only a mental echo of the remark I made a moment ago—that I don't like Chandos. I know he like him at all, even at this distance, and I cannot resist feeling that I do not want him to see anything more of Mollie. We are not very discreet, we Vagabonds, but we must learn wisdom enough to shield Mollie." And she sighed again.

I understand that," he said, almost tenderly so sympathetically, in fact, that she turned toward him as if moved by a sudden impulse.

"I have sometimes thought since I came here," she said, "that perhaps you might help us in little, if you would. You are so pretty, you see, and so young, and through knowing so little of the world and longing to know so much in a childish, half-conceited way, so innocently vilful that she would succumb to a novel influence more readily than to an old one. So I have thought once or twice of asking you if you would be one to help us, and guard her if—if you should ever see her in danger."

"I can promise to do that much, at least," he returned, smiling.

She held out her hand impetuously, just as she would have held it out to Griffith, and, oh, the hazard of it—the hazard of so throwing aside her mock airs and graces, showing herself to him just as she showed herself to the man she loved—the Dolly whose heart was on her lips and whose soul was in her eyes.

"Then we will make a 'paction' of it," she said. "You will help me to take care of her."

"For your sake," he said, there are few things I would not do."

So from that time forward he fell into the habit of regarding unsuspecting Mollie as his own special charge. He was so faithful to his agreement, indeed, that once or twice Griffith was almost ready to console himself with the thought that perhaps, after all, the child's beauty and tractability would win its way, and Gowan would find himself seriously touched at heart. Just now he could see that his manner was scarcely that of a lover, but there most assuredly was a probability that it might alter and become more warm and less friendly and platonic. As to Mollie herself, she was growing a trifle incomprehensible; she paid more attention to her lovely hair than she had been in the habit of doing, and was even known to mend her gloves; she was beginning to be more conscious of the dignity of her seventeen years. She complains less petulantly of the attentions of Phil's friends, and accepts them with a better grace. The wise one even observes that she tolerates Brown, the obnoxious, and permits him to admire her—at a distance. In her intercourse with Gowan she is capricious and has her moods. Sometimes she indulges in the weakness of tiring herself in all her small bravery when he is coming, and presents herself in the parlor beauteous and flushed and conscious, and is so delectably shy and sweet that she betrays him into numerous trifling follies not at all consistent with his high position of mentor; and then, again, she is obstinate, and incomprehensible, and does not adorn herself at all, and, indeed, is hard enough to manage.

"You are growing very queer, Mollie," says Miss Alimee, wonderingly.

To which sage remark Mollie retorts with an odd, tremulous, sensitive flush and most unnecessary warmth of manner.

"I'm not queer at all. I wish 'you wouldn't bother so, Aimee!"

The very afternoon she came into the room with a card in her hand, after going out to answer a summons at the door-bell.

"Phil," she said, "a gentleman wants you. Chandos, the card says."

"Chandos!' read Phil, rising from the comfort of his couch, and taking his pipe out of his mouth. "Who knows Chandos?—I don't. It must be some fellow on business."

And so it proved. He found the gentleman awaiting him in the next room, and in a very short time learned his errand. Chandos introduced himself—Gerald Chandos, of The Pools, Bedfordshire—who, hearing of Mr. Crewe through numerous friends, not specified, thought a fancy—quite a fancy of an uncultured amateur, modestly—for pictures and an absorbing passion for art in all its forms, had taken the liberty of calling, etc., etc. It was very simply said, and Chandos, of The Pools, being an imposing patrician sort of individual, and free from all fopperies or affectations, Phil met his advances complacently enough. It was no unusual thing for an occasional patron to drop in after this manner. He had no fault to find with a man who, having the good fortune to possess money, had the good taste to know how to spend it. So he made friends with Chandos, pretty much as he had made friends with Gowan—pretty much as he would have made friends with any other sufficiently amiable and well-bred visitor to his modest studio. He showed him his pictures and talked art to him, and managed to spend an hour with him very pleasantly, ending by selling him a couple of tiny spirited sketches, which had taken his fancy. It was when he had taken down these sketches from the wall that he heard a sort of smothered exclamation from Mollie, who stood a few feet apart from him, and turning to see what it meant, he saw that he had just discovered the fresh, black-hooded head, with the trail of autumn leaves clinging to the loose trail of hair—the picture for which Mollie had sat as model. It was very evident that Chandos, of The Pools, was admiring it.

"Ah!" said he, the next minute, "I know this face. There can scarcely be two faces like it."

Phil left his sketches and came to him, the pleasure he felt on the success of his creation warming him up. This picture, with Mollie's face and head, was a great favorite of his.

"Yes," he said, standing opposite to it, with his hands in his pockets, and critical appreciation in his eyes. "You could not very well mistake it. Heads are not my exact forte, you know; but that is Mollie to a tint and a curve, and I am rather proud of it."

Chandos regarded it steadfastly.

"And well you may be," he answered. "Your sister, I believe!"

"Mollie!" exclaimed Phil, stepping a trifle aside, to get into a better light, and speaking almost abstractedly.

"Oh, yes, to be sure! She is my sister—the youngest. There are three of them. That flesh tint is the one of the best points."

And in the meantime, while this apparently trivial conversation was being carried on in the studio, Mollie, in the parlor, had settled herself upon a stool close to the fire, and resting her chin on her hand and her elbow on her knee, was looking reflective.

"That Chandos is somebody new," Toinette remarked. "I hope he has come to buy something. I want some gold sleeve-loops for Tod. I saw some beauties the other day, when I was out."

"But you couldn't afford them if Phil sold two pictures instead of one," said Aimee. "There are so many other useful things you need."

"He isn't a stranger to me," put in Mollie, suddenly. "I have seen him before."

"Who?" said Toinette. She was thinking more of Tod's gold sleeve-loops than of anything else.

"This Mr. Chandos," answered Mollie, without looking up from the fire. "I saw him at Brabazon Lodge the night I went to take Doll her dress. He was with Mr. Gowan, and I dropped my glove, and he picked it up for me. I was coming out as they were going in."

"I wonder," said Aimee, "whether Mr. Gowan goes to Brabazon Lodge often?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered Mollie, shrugging her shoulder. "How is one to learn? He wouldn't be likely to tell us. I should think though that he does. He is too fond of Dolly"—with a slight choke in her voice—"to stay away, if he can help it."

"It's queer," commenced Toinette, "how men like Dolly. She isn't a beauty, I'm sure; and for the matter of that, when her hair isn't done up right, she isn't even pretty."

"It isn't queer, at all," said Mollie, rather crossly—"it's lazy. She can make such a deal out of nothing, and she doesn't stand at trouble when she wants to make people like her. She says any one can do it, and it is only a question of patience; but I don't believe her. See how frantic Griffith is about her. He is more desperately in love with her to-day than he was at the very first, seven years ago."

"And she cares more for him, I'm sure," said Aimee.

Mollie's shoulder went up again.

"She flirts with people enough, if she does," she commented.

"Ah!" returned Aimee, "that is 'her way,' as you call it, again. Somehow, it seems as if she can't help it. It is as natural to her as the color of her hair and eyes. She can't help doing odd things and making odd speeches that rouse people and tempt them into liking her. She has done such things all her life, and sometimes I think she will do them even when she is an old woman; though, of course, she will do them in a different way. Dolly would be Dolly without her whimsicalness, any more than Dick there, in his cage, would be a canary if he didn't twitter and sing."

"Does she ever do such things to women?" asked Mollie, shrewdly. She was in a singular mood this afternoon.

"Yes," Aimee protested, "she does; and what is more, she is not different even with children. I have seen her take just as much trouble to please Phemie and the little Bilberrys as she would take to please Griffith or—or Mr. Gowan. And see how fond they were of her. If she had cared for nothing but masculine admiration, do you think Phemie would have adored her as she did, and those dull children would have been so desolate when she left them? No, my dear. Dolly's weakness—and it isn't such a very terrible weakness, after all—lies in wanting everybody to like her—men, women and children; yes, down to babies and dogs and cats. And, see here, Mollie, ain't we rather fond of her ourselves?"

"Yes," owned Mollie, staring at the fire; "we are rather fond enough."

"And isn't she rather fond of us?"

"Yes, she is—for the matter of that," acquiesced Mollie.

"Yes," began Toinette, and then the sound of footsteps upon the staircase interrupting her, she broke off abruptly to listen. "It is Phil's visitor," she said.

Mollie got up from her seat, roused into a lazy sort of interest.

"I am going to look at him," she said, and went to the window.

The next minute she drew back blushing.

"He saw me," she said. "I didn't think he could, if I stood here in the corner."

But he had, though; and more than that, in his admiration of her dimples and round, fresh-flushed cheeks and exquisite eyes, he smiled into her face, openly and without stint, as he passed.

After tea Gowan came in. Mollie opened the door for him, and Mollie, in a soft blue dress and with her hair dressed to a marvel, was a vision to have touched any man's fancy. She was in one of her sweet, biddable moods, too, having recovered herself since the afternoon; and when she led him into the parlor she blushed without any reason whatever, as usual, and as a consequence looked enchanting.

"Phil has gone out," she said. "Toinette is putting Tod to bed, and Aimee is helping her; so there is no one here but me."

Gowan sat down—in Dolly's favorite chair.

"You are quite enough," he said; quite enough—for me."

She turned away, making a transparent little pretence of requiring a hand-screen from the mantel-piece, and having got it, she too sat down, and fell to examining a wrecked little daub at a picture upon it most minutely.

"This is very badly done," she observed irrelevantly. "Dolly did it, and made it so inadvertently into this screen because it was such a sight. It is just like Dolly, to make fun and joke at her own mistakes. She hasn't a particle of decent drawing. She did that, for fun, when Griffith thought he was going to get into something that would bring him money enough to allow of their being married. She made a whole lot of little mats and things to put in their house when they got it, but Griffith didn't get the position, so they had to settle down again."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Gowan.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

He moved a trifle uneasily in his chair. He had not meant to speak aloud.

"An unintentional outburst, Mollie," he said. "A cheerful state of affairs, I fear."

"What state of affairs?" she inquired. "Oh, you mean Dolly's engagement. Well, of course, it has been a long one; but, then, you see, they like each other very much. Aimee was only saying this afternoon that they cared for each other more now than they did at first."

"Do they?" said Gowan, and for the time being lapsed into silence.

"It's a cross-grained sort of fortune that seems to control us in this world, Mollie;" he said, at length.

Mollie stared at the poor little daub on her hand-screen and met his philosophy indifferently enough.

"You oughtn't to say so," she answered. "And I don't know anything about it."

He laughed—quite savagely for so amiable a young man.

"I!" he repeated. "I ought not to say so, ought'n I? I think I ought. It is a cross-grained fortune, Mollie. We are always falling in love with people who do not care for us, or with people who care for someone else, or with people who are too poor to marry us, or—"

"Speak for yourself," said Mollie, with a vigor quite wonderful and new in her. "I am not."

And she held her screen up between her face and his, so that he could not see her. She could have burst into a passionate gush of tears. It was Dolly he was thinking about—it was Dolly who had the power to make him unhappy and sardonic—always Dolly.

"Then you are a wise child, Mollie," he said. "But you are a very young child yet—only seventeen, isn't it? Well, it may all come in good time."

"It will not come at all," she asserted, stubbornly.

Dolly's little wretch of a hand-screen was quite trembling in her hand, it became so desperate to feel, as she did, that she was of such small consequence to him that he could treat her as a child, and make a sort of joke of his confidence. But he did not see it.

"Ah! well, you see," he went on, "I thought so once, but it has come to me nevertheless. The fact is, I am crying for the moon, Mollie, as many a wiser and better man has done before me."

She did not answer, so he rose and walked once or twice across the room. When he came back to the fire, she had risen too, and was standing up, biting the edge of her screen, all flushed, and with a brightness in her eyes he did not understand. Poor little soul! she was suffering very sharply in her childish way.

He laid a hand on either of her shoulders, and spoke to her gently enough.

"Mollie," he said, "let us sit down together and condole with each other. You are not in a good-humor to-night, something has rasped you again; and as for me I am about as miserable, my dear, as it is possible for a man with a few thousand a year to be."

She tried to answer him steadily, and finding she could not, rushed into novel subterfuge. Subterfuge was a novelty to Mollie.

"Yes," she said, lifting the most beauteous of tear-wet eyes to his quite eagerly. "Yes, I am crossed, and—and something has vexed me. I am getting bad-tempered, I think. Suppose we do sit down."

And then when they did sit down—she on the hearth-rug at his feet, he in Dolly's chair again—she broke out upon him in a voice like a sharp little sob.

"I know what you are miserable about," she said. "You are miserable about Dolly."

They had never spoken about the matter openly before, though he had always felt that if he could speak openly to any one, he could to this charming charge of his. Such is the keenness of masculine penetration. And now he felt almost relieved already. The natural craving for sympathy of some kind or other, was to satisfy itself through the medium of pretty, mischievous Mollie.

"Yes," he answered, half desperately, half reluctantly, "Dolly is the moon I am crying for—or rather, as I might put it more poetically, 'the bright particular star.' What a good little thing you are to guess at it so soon!"

"I didn't need much guessing at," she said, curving her innocent mouth in a piteous effort to smile.

He, leaning against the round, padded back of his chair, sighed, and as he sighed, almost forgot the poor child altogether, even while she spoke to him. Having all things else, he must still get this other gift, and really he felt very dolorous.

Mollie, pulling her screen to pieces, looked at him with a heavy, yet adoring heart. She was young enough to be greatly moved by his physical beauty, and just now she could not turn away from him. His long-limbed easy figure (which, while still graceful and lithe enough, was not a model of perfection, as she fondly imagined), his dark face, his dark eyes, even the faint tinpolite and unpleasant distraction, held fascination for her. Not having been greatly smiled upon by fortune, she had fallen to longing eagerly and fearfully for this one gift which had been so freely vouchsafed to Dolly, who had neither asked nor cared for it. Surely there was some cross-grained fortune in this.

She was very quiet indeed when he at length recollected himself and roused from his reverie. He looked up to find her resting her warm rose-leaf colored cheek on her hand, and concentrating all her attention upon the fire again. She was not inclined to talk when he spoke to her, and indeed had so far shrunk within herself that he found it necessary to exert his powers to their utmost before he could move her to anything like interest in their usual topics of conversation. In fact, her reserve entailed the necessity of a little hazardous warmth of manner being exhibited on his part, and Mollie, in the end, was interested, though half jocular, speeches were made, and in spite of the temporary dissatisfaction of his previous mood, he felt a little reluctant to leave the fire and the sweet, unwise face when the time came to go. And the truth was it was not the first time he had felt so reluctant.

"Good-night," he said to her a few minutes before he went out. And then noticing for the twentieth time how becoming the soft blue of her dress was and how picturesque she was herself even in the unconsciousness of her posture, he was tempted to try to bring that queer, little, half-resentful glow into her upturned face.

"I have often heard your sister make indirectly amiable speeches to you, Mollie," he said. "Did she ever tell you that you ought to have been born a sultana?"

She shook her head and pouted a little.

"I shouldn't like to be a sultana," she said.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Not a sultana in spangled slippers and gorgeous robes!"

"No," she answered, with a spice of Dolly in her manner. "The slippers are great flat things that turn up at the toes, and the sultan might buy me for so much a pound, and—and I care for other things than rubies."

"Nevertheless," he returned, "you would have made a dazzling sultana."

Then he went away and left her, and she sat down upon her stool before the fire again and began to pull her hair down and let it hang in grand disorder about her shoulders and over her face.

"If I am so—so pretty," she said slowly, to herself, "people ought to like me, and," sagaciously, "I must be pretty or he would not say so."

And when she went to her room it must be confessed that she crept to the glass and stared at the reflection of her face framed in the abundant, falling hair, until Aimee, wondering at her quietness, raised her head from her pillow, and seeing her, called her to her senses.

"Mollie," she said, in her quietest way, "you look very nice, my dear, and very picturesque, and I don't wonder at your admiring yourself, but if you stand there much longer in your bare feet you will have influenza, and then you will have to wear a flannel round your throat, and your nose will be red, and you won't derive much satisfaction from your looking-glass for a week to come."

(To be Continued.)

Among the Growlers.

"Oh, bother the snow!"
"Make haste
Was a frequent form of complaining,
But now we hear,
"Hasten not your speed,
"Oh, confound the luck, it's raining."

It Was a Chestnut.

"May I venture to tell you the old, old story, Miss Maud?" he said, tremulously; "the old, old, yet ever new, story of—"

"Pardon me, Mr. Sampson, if I cause you pain," interrupted the girl, gently, "but, to me, the story you wish to tell is a chestnut."

"A chestnut!"

"Yes, Mr. Sampson, I'm already engaged; but I will be a sister—"

"Don't as wormy as that one," murmured Mr. Sampson, feeling for his hat.

In the Parlor.

She—Do you sing, Mr. Jones?
He—Oh, yes; would you like to hear me?
She—Thank you. Don't trouble yourself. I'm perfectly willing to take your word for it.

The Tender Buds of Hope.

Tom—I notice your orange-tree in the conservatory hasn't a flower on it.

Effie (in her tenth season)—No, Tom. I have tried all kinds of treatment, but the orange-tree will not blossom for me.

Too True.

Miss De Peister is having her picture taken in her new ball dress.

Photographer (referring to picture)—This is a better one, but a little overexposed.

Papa De Peister (referring to ball dress)—There, my dear, what did I tell you?

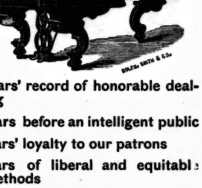
Smoking Him Out.

Mr. Getthere—Now, Bobby, if you'll be a good boy, I'll give you a nice Turkish cigarette!

Bobby—Oh, sister! and may I smoke it?

Miss Korton—Yes; but not in this room. The gentlemen always go to the library to smoke!

"My beloved brethren," announced a preacher from his pulpit, "on Sabbath morning next a collection will be taken up for our blessed Fiji mission." "Amen," rang fervently through the congregation. "And I would add," went on the preacher, impressively, "that amens, however resonant and sincere, make but little rattle in the contribution box. Let us unite in prayer."



40 years' record of honorable dealing
40 years before an intelligent public
40 years' loyalty to our patrons
40 years of liberal and equitable methods
40 years manufacturers and dealers

SPEAK STRONGER TO YOU THAN ANY WORDS OF OURS

R. S. Williams & Son
143 Yonge Street, Toronto
TELEPHONE 1504

J. G. GIBSON
FAMILY GROCER
525 YONGE STREET—Telephone 3192
WINE and SPIRIT MERCHANT
Bottled Ale and Porter
GUINESS' STOUT, BASS' ALE,
523 YONGE STREET.

WHATMOUGH'S
GREAT SALE OF WHITNEY'S
Baby Carriages
Still continues with unabated success. Old carriages taken in exchange at the Great Baby Carriage Store.
I. A. WHATMOUGH,
126 KING STREET EAST.

MADAME BOUDOIR
(Late of New York)
Has fitted up a handsome parlor above Walton's Ladies Hair Dressing Rooms, 103 Yonge Street, up stairs, and will permanently
REMOVE ALL SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
from the face by a new method without pain. No capillatine used. Satisfaction guaranteed. References from leading physicians. Note the address—
103 Yonge Street, Up Stairs

The Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company
AND
THE MANUFACTURERS' ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY
Are two separate and distinct Companies with full Government Deposit.
The Authorized Capital and other Assets are respectively $2,000,000 and $1,000,000
PRESIDENT: RT. HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, P. C., G. C. B.
VICE-PRESIDENTS: GEORGE GOODERHAM, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE BANK OF TORONTO, WILLIAM BELL, ESQ., MANUFACTURER, GUELPH.
AUDITORS: H. J. HILL, SECRETARY OF THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION ASSOCIATION, TORONTO
EDGAR A. WILLS, SECRETARY BOARD OF TRADE, TORONTO,
J. B. CARLILE, MANAGING DIRECTOR, TORONTO, ONT.
POLICIES ISSUED ON ALL THE APPROVED PLANS. LIFE POLICIES PURCHASED AND ANNUITIES GRANTED.
PIONEERS OF LIBERAL ACCIDENT POLICIES!
Issues Policies of all kinds at moderate rates. Policies covering Employers' Liability for Accidents to their workmen, under the Workmen's Compensation for Injuries' Act, 1886. Best and most liberal form of Workmen's Accident Policies. Premium payable by easy instalments, which meets a long-felt want.
AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

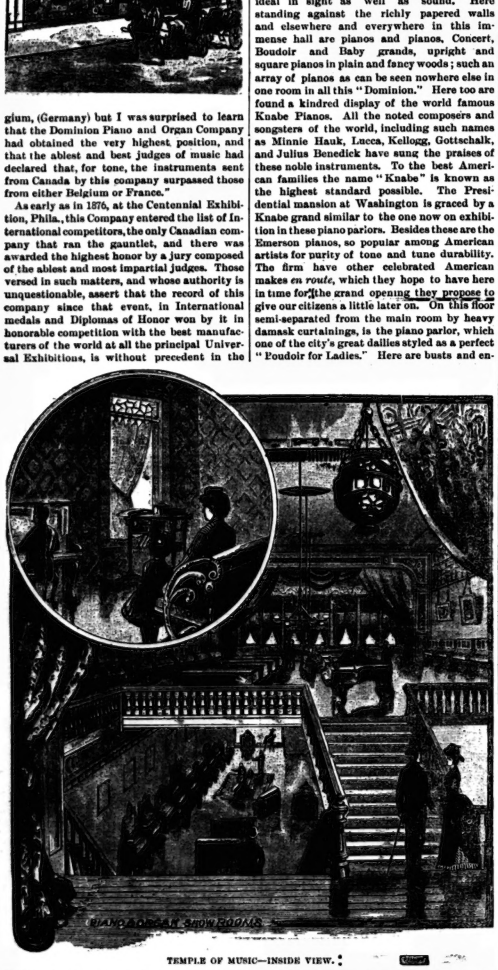
Toronto Temple of Music.

Not long ago a prominent member of the cabinet of the present Dominion Government, in an able address delivered in this city, speaking of the prosperity of our country and the rapid growth of many of its great industries, used the following expressive language: "The Dominion Organ and Piano Company have made the name of our country famous with their instruments."

At the opening of the London Fair, Sept. 10th, 1885, the High Commissioner of this country to England used language which might well excite pride in every patriotic breast, as follows: "I cannot mention all the (Canadian) exhibits at the Antwerp International Exhibition, Bel-

gium, (Germany) but I was surprised to learn that the Dominion Piano and Organ Company had obtained the very highest position, and that the ablest and best judges of music had declared that, for tone, the instruments sent from Canada by this company surpassed those from either Belgium or France."

As early as in 1876, at the Centennial Exhibition, Phila., this Company entered the list of International competitors, the only Canadian company that ran the gauntlet, and there was awarded the highest honor by a jury composed of the ablest and most impartial judges. Those versed in such matters, and whose authority is unquestionable, assert that the record of this company since that event, in International medals and Diplomas of Honor won by it in honorable competition with the best manufacturers of the world at all the principal Universal Exhibitions, is without precedent in the



TEMPLE OF MUSIC—INSIDE VIEW.

history of modern piano and organ manufacture. In these days of business rivalry and competition, such strong commendatory language would not be used with reference to any industry were not the facts and data upon which it is predicated public property. These instruments, represented solely in Toronto at the Temple of Music 68 King st. west, are manufactured by a company from the States, who some years ago saw an opening for fine pianos and organs in this country. They determined to enter the field, and making none but those of the very highest grade, each instrument a perfect masterpiece of scientific knowledge, art and musical accuracy, make the superiority of their instruments as famous and as world-wide as the name of the country in which they had located and become citizens. The "Dominion" company now possess the most complete manufactory in British America, employ the most skilful workmen and the best materials, and there is no reason to believe that they cannot manufacture as good instruments as the best in the United States.

As evidence that they do, witness their extended home and foreign trade, having branch offices and responsible agencies in nearly every commercial port of importance and city and town of the civilized world; their long list of first prizes, medals, diplomas of honor, and awards, home and foreign; the unanimity of the press in their praise; the honorable mention of the rapid growth of this company and its proud position in European centres made by our public men in their speeches; the honorable distinction conferred by our Governor-General and Lady Lansdowne in the selection of a Dominion piano for Rideau Hall; the partiality shown them at home by Toronto musicians in the selection of Dominion pianos for over 200 of their public concerts within the last twelve months, and the enormous increase of the city business of over 800 per cent within the last four years.

This marvellous growth of their city trade has compelled repeated enlarging and remodelling of the present piano and organ warerooms so widely known as Ruse's Temple of Music. Greater improvements are now in progress, designed and executed by an artist in his calling, S. W. Baker, 878 Queen street west. These warerooms are entered between two large plate-glass windows. Overhead the entrance is a stained glass window, itself a work of art, representing Cupid instructing a class of birds in music. This ground floor is devoted entirely to organs and the offices of the firm.

Passing down the oiled and polished floor under the handsomely panelled and frescoed ceiling, either side of the room lined with rows of Dominion organs, including all the styles made by this famous company, the visitor pauses at the foot of the grand staircase leading to the piano parlors above. On a landing just above, stands a magnificent pipe organ, its lofty top reaching up between two large stained glass windows containing idealistic female figures of twin lyric muses. In the piano parlors beauty has touched the ideal in sight as well as sound. Here standing against the richly papered walls and elsewhere and everywhere in this immense hall are pianos and pianos, Concert, Boudoir and Baby grands, upright and square pianos in plain and fancy woods; such an array of pianos as can be seen nowhere else in one room in all this "Dominion." Here too are found a kindred display of the world famous Knabe Pianos. All the noted composers and songsters of the world, including such names as Minnie Hauk, Lucca, Kellogg, Gottschalk, and Julius Benedick have sung the praises of these noble instruments. To the best American families the name "Knabe" is known as the highest standard possible. The Presidential mansion at Washington is graced by a Knabe grand similar to the one now on exhibition in these piano parlors. Besides these are the Emerson pianos, so popular among American artists for purity of tone and tune durability. The firm have other celebrated American makes *en route*, which they hope to have here in time for the grand opening they propose to give our citizens a little later on. On this floor semi-separated from the main room by heavy damask curtainings, is the piano parlor, which one of the city's great dailies styled as a perfect "Boudoir for Ladies." Here are busts and engravings of the masters, rich and tasty furnishings, carpetings, etc., to add to the artistic and general attractiveness of this room designed for practice and rehearsals. Above are still two large flats each with its special departments for storage, shipping, repairing, tuning, advertising and the like. Underneath all is the large ground room, making five large floors devoted entirely to the piano and organ trade. A huge elevator runs from this to the topmost flat. Recently a change has taken place in the management of the establishment at 68 King street west. Under the new head additional capital has been invested. The *personnel* of the new firm is very strong, both as to financial ability and experience. Two members of the partnership have been each in this line of business over fifteen years. The third is an American millionaire widely known in the States for his executive and financial ability. The new proprietors will carry out in letter and spirit the declaration of the founder of this house, "My intention is to establish a *reliable* house on a solid basis, one that will command the fullest confidence of the public." To-day there is not a house on a more solid basis, nor one in all the Dominion more popular or widely known than this Temple of Music, which will be known hereafter as the Toronto Temple of Music.

All stock is bought by the new proprietors in larger orders than possible to other dealers, and is paid for in spot cash, thus securing large discounts in their purchases. The house is thus enabled to deal in the very best and finest grades of American and Canadian instruments at moderate and reasonable prices to the purchaser, and to extend to all the most favorable and equitable terms. In connection with the above, it may be said, customers' paper will be held by the house. With these advantages, the new proprietors, J. S. Powley & Co., feel confident in maintaining their house in its present proud and commanding position, so that in the years to come they can ever assert, as in the years past, that among all their thousands of customers not one dissatisfied purchaser can be found.

They have spared neither pains nor expense to make these parlors a refined and attractive resort for ladies, and they extend a cordial invitation to all to call and inspect their warerooms, the most extensive in this country, and containing the largest stock of pianos and organs ever gathered under the same roof in Canada.

Pianists and courteous assistants are always in attendance, and will endeavor to entertain and make all feel welcome. These piano parlors present to-day to visitors one of the most attractive features of the city.

A Trial Solicited.

An idea suggested to the irate Reform editor, who asks: "Can nothing be done to free our public men from the unprovoked attacks of that man (Davin)?"

A Great Chance.

Moses Cartwright to J. Canuck—"There, mine frient, vas sometings I can recomment. Guaranteet to fit better the longer you haf it. Try dot suit, young man."

DINEEN'S HATS

We have had our

GREAT HAT OPENING

When 50 cases of Fashionable Hats were offered for inspection. All the celebrated English makes were shown: Heath's, Christy's, Woodrow's and Carrington's. American manufacturers were represented by the

Dunlap Hat of New York

For which we are the sole agents. Besides all these we take an extra pleasure in recommending to our friends

THE DINEEN HAT

In Three Qualties, $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50

Made for us in New York from special directions based on our knowledge of Toronto trade. Call and see it.

W. & D. DINEEN

COR. KING AND YONGE STS.

DRESS SHIRTS

EVENING GLOVES

EVENING TIES

Full assortment in stock of White Dress Shirts, court front, one stud hole in front.

Dents' White and Lavender Gloves, one and two buttons, plain or white or black stitched backs, all prices.

Evening Ties all kinds.

WHEATON & CO.

17 KING STREET WEST

COR. JORDAN.

AN APPEAL TO THE LADIES

When the Philanthropist starts to accomplish some good
If he's earnest, energetic and straight;
You can make up your mind he will surely succeed
In spite of that which we call fate.
He works early and late, with never a thought
Of troubles he is certain to meet,
He maps out his course and goes stra ahead
Nor pauses to dream of defeat.

I appeal to the ladies to lend their support
To the movement which all must endorse,
Viz: Close the stores early; give the clerks a fair chance.
You approve? Well, I thought so of course.
Now come early to Dorenwend's, select what you wish
In bangs, waves, or in fancy goods rare
Or in switches and pins, magnificent fans,
Wonderous "Magic" if for that you should care.

Don't postpone till six what you might do at four;
Nor till twelve the shopping for ten.
The clerks will all bless you and serve with delight
When Dorenwend's you visit again.
So let me repeat if you wish to assist
The patient, industrious clerk,
Pray think of the wearisome hours they pass
And your duty I'm sure you'll not shirk

The proprietor of the Paris Hair Works is strongly in favor of the measure for Early Closing, and it depends almost entirely upon the general public whether this custom should be observed. Let the ladies lend their aid and the gentlemen will be sure to follow in the effort to secure reasonable hours for the clerks. Remember that Dorenwend's latest spring styles are just at hand and should be examined.

A. DORENWEND

PARIS HAIR WORKS,

103 and 105 YONGE ST., TORONTO

S. J. DIXON,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

Cor. Yonge and King Streets.

FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

H. S. MORISON & CO.

218 Yonge Street, cor. Albert

SPECIALTIES FOR NEXT WEEK

SPRING MANTLES

Another large shipment of JERSEY JACKETS marked into stock to-day.

The most recherche selection of WRAPS in Lace, Silk, and Jet to be found in the City, at very moderate prices.

JERSEY WAISTS

At $1, $1.25, $1.50, and upwards. The largest stock in town

BOATING WRAPS

E'egant Goods at from $1.00 up, worth double.

DRESS GOODS

Colored Moires and Black and Colored Mervs at 75c., not equalled in the City at $1. A fresh lot of Combination Suitings just to hand, imported especially for our trade at prices unheard of heretofore. A large and choice collection of Black Silks, Satins, Cashmeres, Henriettas, Crape Cloths, etc., etc.

Dress and Mantle Making an Art with us. All Prices in Plain Figures. No Trouble to Show Goods. Inspection and Comparison Cordially Invited.

H. S. MORISON & CO.

The Ladies' Tailors, 218 Yonge St. cor. Albert

Music.

F. H. TORRINGTON.

On Thursday evening, the 5th, Mr. F. H. Torrington's orchestra gave its final concert for the season to a large house at the Pavilion. I have rarely seen an audience so demonstrative of its approval as that one was. Applause was freely granted to every member. As usual the amateurs comprising the orchestra were assisted by some professional musicians, especially in the wind parts, although in some of these the amateurs are coming to the front, and in some instances are showing such proficiency that they will soon seek enrolment among professional ranks. As a school for orchestral music, there can be no better mode than this one by which a practice in *ensemble* playing, which would otherwise be unattainable, is placed within the reach of all. The excellence of the work done by this orchestra is a standing monument of Mr. Torrington's energy and capacity, and of the enthusiasm and perseverance of its members.

*

The orchestra played with crispness and precision, with most pleasing attention to the varieties of light and shade, and was well under the conductor's control. Once or twice Mr. Torrington's well-known personal enthusiasm and fire carried him away into the realms of decidedly fast tempo, and to make his climaxes he was forced to appeal to the ear as well as the eye of his force, but the orchestra was hardly to be blamed for this. That a force so largely composed of comparatively inexperienced performers should have kept together so well in time and tune is a matter of congratulation to all interested. The programme opened with an overture by Calixa Lavallee, a former Quebecer, now resident in Boston, *Le Roi des Diamants*, a piece brilliant in composition and bright and highly colored in its instrumentation, which was rendered with dash and spirit, as was also the well-known Festmarch from Tannhauser.

*

Of the other purely orchestral pieces, Massenet's Last Sleep of the Virgin and the Auf Wiedersehen waltz undoubtedly pleased the audience most, the latter especially receiving a warm welcome, though the last on a long programme. The musician, however, had a treat in the larghetto from Beethoven's Second Symphony, whose beautiful theme was well given out by all parts.

*

Five instrumental solos were played with orchestral accompaniments, every one of which met with applause. I must confess I would rather hear Mr. Taylor play O Ruddier than the Cherry on the trombone than hear it sung by the best basso. Its staccato, jerky character just suits the slide trombone and makes it unmusical for the voice. Mr. Taylor played it with admirable certainty. Mr. Spacey's horn solo in Bach's Spring's Awakening was played so well that no one would suspect that it is less than a year since that gentleman took up this difficult instrument. The bulky tones of the euphonium were a trifle heavy for the Nehr fantasia, which was written for the trombone, but Mr. Smith gave a fine performance, nevertheless. Mr. Herbert Clarke, as usual, played his cornet solo most artistically, and equally as a matter of course received tremendous applause, a fate which as deservedly fell to Mr. Arlidge's lot for the fine rendition of his flute solo. Miss Geikie, in her violin solo, displayed a smooth, sure tone, and rendered her solo very effectively.

*

Mrs. Agnes Thomson had on this occasion the advantage of a full orchestral accompaniment to sustain her voice, and if in some cases the orchestral climaxes seemed heavy, the clearness and purity of quality of her voice enabled it to ride out over all. In her first number, the great aria from Robert le Diable, she sang with delightful emphasis, and in the great wail for mercy, *pieta, pieta*, displayed dramatic power which surprised her auditors. In the Sonnambula cavatina she showed to still better advantage, its florid character being well adapted to display the natural flexibility and facile execution which aid in making her singing so charming. She was very happy in her choice of encore songs, the classic severity of Ganz's I Seek for Thee in Every Flower, and her pathetic rendering of The Last Rose of Summer being in strong contrast with her programme numbers. Mr. Schuch's two numbers, the Infelice from Ernani and Wallace's The Winds that Waft, were well rendered and elicited hearty applause.

*

Altogether, the concert was a most pleasing one, offering as it did a varied and popular programme in which all tastes found something attractive. The charm and variety of color possible in orchestral concerts are so great that apart from its unquestionable value as a musical school, this orchestra deserves support as mere caterer for public amusement, and it is to be hoped that its series of three concerts next year will receive full public patronage, especially as a complete symphony will be given at one of them.

*

A number of musicans have formed themselves into a body known as the Toronto Orchestral Association for the purpose of uniting the instrumental portion of the musical profession for the better protection of their interests and the establishment of a fixed schedule of prices to be charged by its members for their professional services. The officers for the present term are: Thos. Claxton, president; H. T. Cullag, vice-president; W. J. Obernier secretary, and Will A. Caswell, treasurer. Messrs. Torrington, Fisher and d'Auria have consented to become honorary members.

*

Saint Andrew's hall was crowded to the doors on Wednesday evening, on the occasion of the concert given by the children of St. Mary's school. A good programme of music was given, in which the children performed their part excellently. The remainder of the programme was borne by Messrs. Ramsay, Wagner and Misses Coleman and Lynch, who were loudly applauded.

*

Mr. Blight will conduct the I. O. F. concert on April 25. Mrs. Humphrey Allan, who has never before appeared in Toronto but has an excellent reputation in Montreal and eastern cities, will be among the soloists. Miss Clara Barnes of Buffalo, well known in Toronto as a fine contralto, and Miss Agnes Knox will also be on the programme. An enjoyable evening may be expected.

*

The Carreno concert on Thursday evening next promises to be a great event. The fair pianiste plays a programme which mingles the strictly classical with popular music in picturesque variety. Her composers are Beethoven, Chopin, Scharwenka, tschaikowsky, Vogrich, McDowell, Rubenstein, Liszt, and the lady herself. Her support will be local, Mme. D'Auria contributing Bel Raggio from Semiramide, Mons. Boucher playing Sarasate's Zigeunerweisen (first time in Toronto, I believe) and Mr. Schuch will sing a new song, My Captive, by Moir, the composer of Best of All. Other futurities embrace Emma Abbott next week, the Vocal Society on May 1st, the Philharmonic on the 8th, and the Choral on the 22nd, with great musical attractions at the Art Fair on the 16th and succeeding days, and then Gilmore's great band with local chorus to close the season.

METRONOME.

The Pulpit and The Stage.

It was a very great step forward when so able a man as Dr. Lyman Abbott opened the columns of the *Christian Union* to a liberal discussion of the theater, its influence and duty.

It was a gracious sight to see the theologian on one page and the dramatic critic on the other, substantially agreeing upon the ethical basis of dramatic art and upon the means to be taken to elevate the modern stage.

Of course one can understand that a liberal education, both for the pulpit and for the press, must lead men to the same elemental laws of æsthetics and ethics, whether the men are theologians or editors or actors.

But when we have got two men selected from the extreme ranks of the religious and the secular bodies, who do agree upon the basis of right and wrong in the drama, and who express themselves clearly and forcibly, the conclusions arrived at are well worth considering, seeing how lamentably deficient the rank and file of theatrical workers—and, for that matter, church-goers as well—are in the knowledge of those philosophic truths that lie undisturbed under all human endeavors in art.

Perhaps there is upon no subject so much ignorance among well-informed men and women, as with regard to the morality of art.

Everybody has something to say about it. It is one of the constantly recurring and always irrepressible themes of the pulpit, the press and the parlor. It rises up unexpectedly and will not down obediently.

And yet not one man or one woman in ten who undertakes to formulate or decide upon the issues involved in a questionable play, or picture, or book, fails to muddle and sophisticate the whole matter with a crass ignorance, a cast-iron bigotry or a flippant contempt.

We have seen so eminent and able a man as Dr. Howard Crosby advising the christian women of New York to throw their Venuses and Cupids out the window.

We have seen that brave zealot, Mr. Comstock, tear down some of the finest works of art that have come to this country.

We have heard Dr. Talmage tell his great congregation that the theater was the pit of hell.

We have seen critics of acumen praise down whole columns plays which vindicated vice and threw disdain upon virtue, and laud dramas whose whole purposes was infamous and whose showing was shameless.

We have heard eminent barristers in court still further confuse the subject by declaring in their briefs that the question of morality in art was so vague that it was impossible to lay down any course of action.

And time and time again we have seen assemblages at the theater of valetudinarian prudes and supersensitive roues retch and retire at painted blood, who would take down whole bucketsful of English lasciviousness diluted with English fog.

Over and over we have seen the canting damsels of society throw up their hands in protest at the exhibition of wholesome and beautiful natural function, and sit tickled to their souls at the libertinism of French comedy, just as we have seen them blush at the dauntless veracity of the Bible, and then take Swinburne to bed with them and breed a progeny of hybrid fancies.

We have see a great newspaper denounce Paul Kauvar as obscene, and another great paper through all the years praise Rip Van Winkle as the azure outcome of sweetness, purity and truth.

We have seen the provincial society of Western cities that longed for opera, because it wanted to ape the conventional airs of the metropolis, gulp down the Traviata and French opera bouffe (sometimes set with the blasphemy of "Nearer My God to Thee," as when an Emma Abbott garnished it) without a qualm, and then rise to a point of virtuous indignation that was almost riotous when moral opera came along with a ballet in it.

Some of the moral social censors of St. Louis actually put themselves on record as saying in substance: "You may debauch, but you mustn't dance," and the whole religious movement in the west against Mrs. Thurber's American ballet left behind it a mass of pulpit oratory which, for compressed stupidity and incorrigible narrowness, has never been equaled in the bucolic realms of cant.

It is sometimes as difficult to make a preacher understand what morality is as it is to make an actor comprehend what immorality is.

However intelligence exists both in and out of the pulpit, and it is worth recording that when the religiously trained and the secularly trained man of clear and broad views come together, as they have in the *Christian Union*, they substantially agree on the essentials which forever underlie this vexed question, and which if properly understood by the laymen in church and playhouse, would do more than anything else to rectify the whole trouble.

Here are a few of the agreeing points made clear by the theologian and the critic:

1. It is not the function of the drama to teach moral lessons.

2. A moral lesson neither makes nor mars either a drama or novel.

3. The moral quality of a play does not depend upon the result.

4. The real function of the drama is like that of the novel—not to amuse, not to excite; but to portray life, and so to minister to it. And as virtue and vice, goodness and evil, are the great fundamental facts of life, they must, in either serious story or serious play, be portrayed. If they are so portrayed that the vice is alluring and the virtue repugnant, the play or story is immoral; if so portrayed that the vice is repellant and the virtue alluring, the play or the story is moral.

5. The church has no occasion to ask the theater to preach; though if it does preach we have a right to demand that its ethical doctrines be pure and high. But we have a right to demand that in its pictures of life it so portray vice as to make it abhorrent, and so portray virtue as to make it attractive.

Now all this is said by a doctor of divinity.

And all that is said is agreed to at once by every dramatic critic and educated actor who has developed himself far enough to understand the difference between ethics and æsthetics.

But see where it plants all the verdicts of cheap popularity. Regard for a moment the result of this decision.

Instantly Camille becomes one of the most moral of plays and Rip Van Winkle one of the most immoral.

And yet Camille had been denounced for years with bitter pens and tongues because it used a courtezan as its heroine. As if that had anything to do with art or morality. Is a courtezan any worse morally than a murderer? and art selects the murderer constantly.

One has to acknowledge, on the basis of Dr. Abbott's postulates, that the effect of the play, not the selection of its material, determines its character, and the effect of Camille as it is the intent, is pathetic. Sin drags itself through roses to a dishonored grave, and the beautiful tears of pity are dropped on the couch of aberrant love. The father comes like Nemesis. The scar of sin remains; there is the eternal shadow stretching out into the hereafter; it is inexorable and true. That is its lesson.

Now take Rip Van Winkle. Charming vagabond who makes all the small vices and ignoble qualities glitter with his weak amiability. He is shiftless, heartless, worthless in ethics; he is dreamy, sportive, happy-go-lucky in æsthetics. He makes unfeeling jokes while his wife is starving. He sees her head bowed with shame. He knows that her heart is breaking, because with the burden of life upon her she has a worthless ragamuffin husband who would not be tolerated in real life for ten minutes. And he plays upon her misery; he jibes her. Evidently, the audience laugh at his vagabond wit and love his beaming face, and critics commend to our attention his sweetness, his amiability, his delicious sottishness, his animal love for children, his imbecility of character.

If there is any meaning in Dr. Abbott's thesis these things should not be so decked with art that we come to admire them.

Take Dennery's Martyrs, now being played by Clara Morris at the Fifth Avenue. The whole purpose of this play is to set forth the heroic self-sacrifice of a woman for her parents. In so far as the drama sets forth the splendid capacity of the human heart to suffer for another it is a noble effort.

Your canting æsthetic hypocrite will object to it, because it deals incidentally with a mother who has sinned.

Your clear eyed critic like Dr. Abbott will see at once that this has nothing to do with the ethical result. I wish we had a few more dramatic critics with his perspicacity.

Allow me to wish, at the same time, that we had a few more preachers with the dramatic critic's breadth of view.

I should like to say something here on behalf of the religious element among actors.

They are as a class not pietists, but they are as a class religious. All emotional people are at heart, as a rule. The so-called quarrel that has raged between the pulpit and the stage is not a war of principles, but a war of caste. Your intelligent actor has a great deal of reverence. He must have or he cannot be a good actor. All ideality rests on that basis.

Those pessimists who deny any good thing to the theater are no worse than the shallow scoffers who hold that religion is an organized system of crime and deception. Dr. Talmage, who preaches oftener with the sword of Gideon than with the sword of the Lord, is just on a par with Stuart Robson, who keeps a scrapbook in which he pastes all the newspaper clippings about recreant clergymen.

But I think that actors everywhere ought to remember that while it is not the function of the drama to preach morality, it is the function of the pulpit, and if the drama is impertinent when it does preach it, the pulpit is recreant when it doesn't.—*Nym Crinkle in New York Mirror.*

Another visitor to St. George street is Mrs. T. C. Patteson, who has left her country home at Eastwood for a short stay with Colonel and Mrs. Sweny.

Personal.

Mrs. Lilla May Pavy, known in the United States as Octavia, has recently returned from Europe and is now at the Queen's hotel, this city. She represents an English enterprise, literary in character, and is making a tour through Canada and the United States, and expects to sail for England in June, when her mission is accomplished. She will hereafter reside in London, where her time will be given to literary and journalistic occupation. Her husband, Dr. Octave Pavy, was lost in the ill-fated Greely Arctic exhibition.

A. D. McConachie, a Canadian, has recently graduated from the dental department of the University of Maryland, Baltimore, with very high honors, taking the University gold medal and the Dean's gold medal, standing the highest in a class of fifty-five. Mr. McConachie is an old student of the Normal School here, and his former school mates will be pleased to hear of his success.

Mr. Walter S. Lee, Mrs. Lee, Miss Lee, Miss Mabel Lee and Mrs. S. Platt sail for Europe on the Umbria on April 29th.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith are spending a few weeks in Virginia, whither they have flown to escape the ills of a Toronto spring.

Miss Minnie Morris of Guelph is for the second time this winter the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, on St. George street.

Mr. Platt of the Sixth Dragoon Guards is staying with Mrs. Beardmore, on Beverley street.

Mrs. Irving is enjoying a visit from her daughter, Mrs. Louis Sutherland, and her son-in-law, Mr. Louis Sutherland of Montreal.

Mrs. Helmuth of London is staying with her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, on McCaul street; in her honor has more than one theater party been given by Mr. Harry Gamble this week.

Mr. Curry has concluded his stay at Mrs. Hamilton Merritt's. He returned on Friday to his home in the North-West.

Popular as the Grand Opera House has been with fashionable theater-goers this week, it will be no less so next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. For Monday and Wednesday, Il Trovatore and the Bohemian Girl, I prophesy brilliant audiences. Surely the choice for Tuesday night is not a happy one. The company profess to play grand opera, and though as a singer Mrs. Emma Abbott has earned a good reputation, I have not heard that she has done so as a composer. Possibly she may have been hiding her light under a bushel, and we may find her Ruy Blas worthy of the title of grand opera. It may be so, but I doubt it.

Mrs. John Hilliard Cameron and her daughter sail for England next month.

Thos. Hodgins, Q.C., sails for the Old Country in May.

J. S. Powley & Co. of the Toronto Temple of Music have just been appointed agents of the celebrated Emerson piano of Boston, widely known as one of the leading pianos in the United States, and will have a number of them at their grand opening, which will be found described in another column.

On Friday next, 20th inst., at 12.20, S. J. Sharp, Canadian traveling passenger agent of the Erie railway, will personally conduct a party to New York. A Pullman car will leave Toronto at the hour named, and berths can be reserved at the usual places. A number of those leaving by the special train are passengers for the Umbria, which sails on Saturday.

How the Girls Kiss.

The New York girl bows her stately head,
And she fixes her stylish lips
In a firm, hard way, and then lets go
In spasmodic little snips.

The Boston girl removeth her specs
And freezeth her face with a smile;
Then she sticks out her lips, like an open book,
And cheweth a bean meanwhile.

The St. Louis girl says never a word,
And you'd think she was rather lame,
With her practical views of the matter in hand,
But she gets there all the same.

The Baltimore girl, the pride of the South,
In her clinging and soulful way,
Absorbs it all with a yearnful yearn
As big as a bale of hay.

The Chicago girl gets a grip on herself
As she carefully takes off her hat;
Then she grabs up the prize in a frenzied way,
Like a terrier shaking a rat.

The Washington girl, so gentle and sweet,
Lets her lips meet the coming kiss
With a rapturous warmth, and the youthful souls
Float away on a sea of bliss.

In the Ladies' Car.

Lady to dude (who has been trying to flirt)—Sir, will you do me a favor?

He—With pleasure, madame. In what way can I serve you?

She—I would like very much if you would ask the conductor to stop this way a minute.

He—With pleasure.

He goes off and returns with the desired official.

Lady to conductor—Will you please notify this man that if he annoys me any further you will stop the train and put him off?

Conductor leads dude into the smoking-car by his ear.

John Kay, Son & Co.

THE

CARPET and FURNISHING WAREHOUSE

OF THE DOMINION

HAVE PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING the arrival of their Spring Importations, which are on a Colossal Scale—almost sufficient to meet the wants of the entire country. Although the price in almost all kinds of Carpet has gone up there will be no advance in their prices.

ARE SOLE AGENTS in Ontario for Templeton's Exquisite Victorian Axminster Carpets, the patterns of which are a picture of art, suitable for Drawing and Dining-Rooms, Halls, Stairs, etc. Heavy Royal Axminsters, French Moquette Carpets with handsome white borders.

WILTONS.—Have an Immense Assortment in all the New Colorings. Great artistic taste displayed in these Goods. Improving every Season in all qualities.

BRUSSELS.—Special arrangements have been made for large quantities of each pattern at closest cash prices. Have a large selection of best Five Frames at $1 per yard cash, and upwards.

TAPESTRY AND WOOL CARPETS.—Have always done a large business in them, and this season the designs are very grand.

CHURCH CARPETS A SPECIALTY

VICTORIAN AXMINSTER PARQUET CARPETS—These Goods being woven in one piece give great scope for brilliancy of design and colorings; in the goods just received that object has been achieved in a very high degree. The sizes on hand are 6 x 9, 9 x 12, 10 1-2 x 12, 10 x 13 1-2, 10 x 15 and 12 x 13 1-2 feet.

WILTON PARQUET CARPETS woven in one piece; 10 x 13 1-2, 12 x 15 feet.

SMYRNA CARPETS, 7.6 x 10.6, 6 x 9, 9 x 12 feet.

KENSINGTON AND ANGLO-SAXON ART SQUARES, with and without fringes, in all sizes up to 12 x 15 feet; very durable and not expensive.

HEAVY WOOL FELTS in all colors, for filling in round square carpets

SKIN RUGS in Leopard, Bear, Black Goat and Sheep Skin.

RUGS in all sizes—Persian, Mecca, Yeddo, Tanjore, Khyber, Daghestan and Smyrna.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF OILCLOTHS AND LINOLEUMS and Cork Carpet in the Dominion.

MATS AND MATTINGS of all kinds. Close quotations for Churches and Large Quantities.

CHINA MATTINGS.—A splendid lot of these Goods in new Colorings from 25c to 75c.

AURORA CARPET SWEEPER—No Housekeeper should be without one. They buy largely and on the very best terms, and the Value given in all Departments is Unsurpassed.

INSPECTION INVITED.

JOHN KAY, SON & CO.

34 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO

Gentlemen's Fashions.

THE WALKING SUIT.—For a promenade in the afternoon, after the day's work is finished by the man of business, who can leave his occupation early enough, or for the constitutional of the man of leisure, much latitude in the matter of dress is allowed.

COAT.—He may don a cut-a-way suit of one piece of cloth, or a dark cut-a-way or Prince Albert coat, with trousers in breezy figures of plaids, or stripes, or checks, or mixtures. The dark coat may be of a heavily ribbed material, diagonal or rougher goods, and may be black or blue, or any dark shade.

VEST.—The vest may match the coat, with or without an inner edging of white duck, or it may be of more fancy design, blue, maroon or other colored grounds dashed with small figures in contrasting colors, of which there are innumerable patterns to be had.

SCARF.—The scarf must be either a four-in-hand, a flat, or a de Joinville tied by hand. For colors there is the whole range of the outfitters' stock to draw from, and a touch of brilliancy in the coloring of the neckwear for the street is commendable.

OVERCOAT.—It is the fashion to take your exercise without an overcoat, and in severe weather a heavy undervest of flannel or chamois skin is adopted rather than support the weight of the outside garment.

The walking overcoat is made of light colored venetians or dark cheviots, cut single breasted, fly front, plain edges and soft fronts.

The whole costume should be set off with a boutonniere of white or colored flowers, and the swing of a walking stick should keep time with the rhythm of the step.

The above are hints and styles furnished by Mr. Henry A. Taylor, importing tailor, No. 1 Rossin House block, Toronto.

Out of Town.

LONDON.

Now that the Lenten season is over, the Londoners are quite ready for any festivities that may fall to their lot. A large number accepted the invitation of Mr. Birrell of Beechwood to a Cinderella last Wednesday evening. Of course the London Southers were in the majority, but a great many went out from other parts of the city to swell the throng, and seemed thoroughly to enjoy each feature of the evening; last, but not least, the walk home again, vehicles being vigorously snubbed by the younger portion of those present at this most enjoyable party.

Parties devoted to "drive whist" have been given by several of the non-dancing, non-musical people. It is a game which (like its contemporary, progressive euchre) needs some stimulus to make it interesting, failing which it would be extremely tedious. As it cannot stand on its own merits, we expect it will soon die a natural death.

WOODSTOCK.

Woodstock is beginning to rouse up a little after its Lenten stupor. There was a very large At Home given by Mrs. Finkle, Light street, last Thursday afternoon. Many new spring costumes were to be seen, which made their fair wearers look more charming than ever.

The St. Patrick's whist club held their annual supper at Mrs. Hood's last Thursday evening. It is needless to say there was no vote of censure passed. Eighteen sat down to the table, and the President, Mr. Charles, proved himself a veritable host in himself, as he made speeches, sang songs and paid compliments to everybody. I wish I could say as much for the other gentlemen members of the club who were present, from whom (with one exception) it was impossible to extract a speech, but perhaps next time they will be better prepared.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

TORONTO.

Campbell, Mrs. John, on 21st ult.—a son
Madden, Mrs. George F., on 5th inst.—a daughter
Miller, Mrs. James, on 9th inst.—a daughter
Smith, Mrs. Henry, on 6th inst.—a son
Stout, Mrs. W. S., on 4th inst.—a daughter
Webster, Mrs. Henry C., on 7th inst.—a daughter

Hartley, Mrs. J. J., at Peterboro', on 3rd inst.—a son
Idington, Mrs. John, at Stratford, on 28th ult.—a son
Lawrence, Mrs E. G., at Mitchell, on 3rd inst.—a son
Leach, Mrs. David, at Montreal, on 2nd inst.—a son
Scott, Mrs. F. G., at Drummondville, Que., on 7th inst.—a son

Marriages.

Duff, Thomas George, of Maryville, Mich., to Lizzie Crawford, at Kincardine, on 5th inst., by Rev. J. L. Murray
Falls, Charles H., of Dakota, U. S., to Lucy E. Power, at Cartwright, on 28th ult., by Rev. R. Hassard
Kirkpatrick, Alex. M. M., to Caroline Adelaide, second daughter of Lieut.-Col. Geo. T. Denison, at St. Anne's church, Toronto, on the 10th inst., by Rev. T. C. Street MacRae, B. A
Lane, George, to Charlotte Mason, at Chatham, on 27th ult., by Rev. E. H. Martin
Robertson, W., of Cookston, Minn., to Edith Maude Power, at Winnipeg, on 5th inst., by Rev. E. S. V. Pentreath
Winton, Robert, to Eloise Giedhestone, at Bracebridge, on 7th inst., by Rev. James Boydell
Wood, Z. Taylor, to Frances Augusta Daly, at Napanee, on 9th inst., by Ven. Archdeacon T. Bedford-Jones
Wynne, Richard J., to Marion Flemming Dow, at Montreal, on 9th inst., by Very Rev. Dean Carmichael

Deaths.

TORONTO.

Bowman, Samuel, on 9th inst., aged 76
Gibson, William J., on 5th inst., aged 40
Mitchinson, Thomas C., on 10th inst., aged 27
Smith, Ann, on 7th inst., aged 72
Smith, Michael, on 9th inst., aged 59
Stewart, Mrs. Jane Charlton, on 10th inst., aged 76
Watson, Wilbur C., on 9th inst., aged 4

Colton, Dr. W. W., at Picton, on 5th inst., aged 46
Dodds, John, at Kingston, on 3rd inst., aged 79
Douglas, James, at Windsor, on 5th inst., aged 77
Gibson, John, at Newcastle, on 5th inst., aged 62
Harris, Rev. James, at Kemptville, on 3rd inst., aged 67
Hawkins, James M., at Peterboro', on 7th inst., aged 40
Hamilton, Hon. John, at Montreal, on 3rd inst., aged 60
London, Henry, at Mt. Brydges, on 2nd inst., aged 45
McCormick, Henry, at Ottawa, on 6th inst.
McKee, Minnie A., at Parkdale, on 9th inst., aged 21
Smardon, John, at Montreal, on 9th inst., aged 67

Jacobs & Shaw's Opera House

ONE WEEK

COMMENCING APRIL 16, 1888

Matinees—Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday.

AUGUSTIN DALY'S GREAT PLAY

Under the Gas Light

Magnificent Scenic and Mechanical Effects.

Powerful Company, New Songs, New Music, New Dances.	Thrilling Railroad Scene Great Dock Scene, Long Branch in Summer Tombs Police Court
PRICES 10, 20, 30 and 50 Cts.	BOX OFFICE Open from 9a.m. to 10p.m.

NEXT WEEK, TRUE IRISH HEARTS.

MADAME CARRENO

This celebrated Pianiste will give one

PIANO RECITAL

IN THE

Pavilion, Thursday, 19th inst.

assisted by Madame d'Auria, soprano; Mr. E. W. Schuch, baritone, and Mons. Boucher, violinist. The plan now open at Suckling & Sons' piano warerooms. Reserved seats 50c. and 75c.

First Grand Concert

Y. M. C. A. ORCHESTRA

(40 Instruments)

Under direction of Mr. J. Churchill Arlidge,

Assisted by Mrs. Thomson, Soprano; Miss Geikie, Violin; Mr. Geo. Taylor, Tenor; Mr. Curran, Basso; Mr. Sparks, Baritone; Mr. Lawson, Cornet; Mr. Arlidge, Flute; Messrs. Kleiser and Kavanagh, Readers, and others. A splendid programme.

Association Hall, Tuesday, April 24th

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

TICKETS 25 CENTS.

Reserved seats may be secured at Nordheimer's on and after 18th inst. without extra charge. See programme.

GREAT MUSICAL EVENT!

GRAND CONCERT

Under the auspices of the Lodges of the I. O. O. F., Toronto District, in celebration of the

Sixty-Ninth Anniversary of Oddfellowship

Mrs. Humphrey Allan, of Boston, Mass., soprano.
Miss Clara E. Barnes of Buffalo, contralto; Miss Agnes Knox, elocutionist; Mrs. Going, pianist; Mr. Charles B. Stevens of Detroit, tenor; Mr. W. E. Ramsay, humorist; Mr. H. M. Blight, baritone and musical director.

HORTICULTURAL GARDENS,

THURSDAY, APRIL 26TH

Tickets, 50c. Seats may be reserved without extra charge at A. & S. Nordheimer's on and after Monday, April 23, at 10 a.m.

THE

SCHUBERT QUARTETTE

OF CHICAGO

ASSISTED BY

MISS FAST, Mezzo-Soprano
MISS GEORGIELLA LAY, Pianist

Elm Street Methodist Church

SACRED CONCERT

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 30th, 1888.

ADMISSION 25 CENTS.

Association Hall

SECULAR CONCERT

Tuesday Evening, May 1st

ADMISSION 25 AND 50 CENTS.

Tickets for sale at Messrs. Nordheimer's and Messrs. Suckling's Pianoforte Warerooms. Plan of hall at Messrs. Nordheimer's on Wednesday, 25th inst.

This Space Belongs to

WOLTZ BROS. & CO.

5 LEADER LANE, TORONTO

Look out for their Advertisement next week

SPRING GOODS

Ladies' Walking Boots

Dongola, Goat, French Kid, Imperial Kid and Calf Kid

Newest Styles and in Widths and Half Sizes.

Our Own Make and Imported.

Prices Moderate

79 King Street East, Toronto.

Spring Planting

TORONTO NURSERIES

200 ACRES.

We again offer for sale a first-class, well-assorted stock of **Fruit Trees, Small Fruit Plants, Hardy Grape Vines, etc., Ornamental Trees, Flowering Shrubs, Roses, Climbing Plants, etc.** All the best old and new varieties.

SPECIALTIES:

Plum Trees on Hardy Canadian Stock Including Moore's Arctic, Goderich & Evans'.
Fay's Prolific Currant. Industry Gooseberry.
Niagara, Empire State, and other new **GRAPES**
Hartboro', Nemaha and other new Raspberries.
Jewell and other new Strawberries.
Clematis, including the perfectly hardy Yellow Graviolena.
Prunus Pissardi, Variegated Dogwood,
Street Trees of Large Size.
EVERGREENS especially Norway Spruce 9 in. to 6 ft. high.

Great Bargains in Some Lines of Stock.

We pack our stock to carry safely anywhere. Illustrated and descriptive priced Catalogues mailed free to all applicants. Correspondence solicited. We call special attention to remarks on page 38 of our Catalogue.

Toronto Nurseries

1164 QUEEN ST. EAST, TORONTO.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

With the Recent Change of Time, an Improved Train service was put on with

FAST TIME

FOR

ALL POINTS EAST and WEST

Two Through Trains a day for Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Boston and all New England and Intercolonial points.

THROUGH TRAINS DAILY

For Detroit, Cincinnati, Chicago, and all points west and southwest.

For rates, information, time cards, etc., apply to

TORONTO OFFICE:

110 King Street West, 24 York Street,
56 Yonge Street, Union Depot (NORTH SIDE)

Only $11.10 Toronto to New York

VIA THE ERIE RAILWAY.

Parties visiting New York taking passage by any steamship company will save time and money by taking the Erie Railway, as they will land you at the foot of Chambers and Twenty-third streets and close to all steamship wharves. The only line running Pullmans from Suspension Bridge to New York.

JAS. COX & SON

83 Yonge Street

PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS

Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

Knox

THE HATTER

HAVING JUST OPENED UP A FINE LINE OF

SPRING HATS

Would be pleased to see all my old customers and as many new ones as will favor me with a call. I have in hand all the latest styles and makes. First-class goods and low prices my motto.

22 QUEEN STREET WEST

Opp. Knox Presbyterian Church.

We have opened up our immense stock of

Ladies' Fine Kid Shoes

Which are unrivalled for style and quality. Kindly give us a call.

328 YONGE STREET.

St. Charles Restaurant

LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS

70 YONGE STREET

Next door to Dominion Bank.

Just opened (up stairs) the Handsomest Dining Room in the City for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor as usual.

P. MOSSOP, Proprietor.

CYCLORAMA

Front and York Streets, Toronto.

NOT A MOVING PANORAMA BUT AN ACTUAL

BATTLE FIELD

Open every work day from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

ADMISSION 50c., CHILDREN 25c.

Every Saturday Night from 7 to 10:30

ADMISSION 25c.

BATTLE OF SEDAN

"WIDOWER JONES"

Will be out next week in book form. Price in paper in handsomely designed paper cover 20 cents; bound in cloth and gold 50 cents. Order at once, either direct from THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO., or through your newsdealer.

MISS HARRITA L. CHENEY

(Finished under Mrs. Long of Boston, and Soloist in Henry Ward Beecher's church, and late o New York.)

Teacher of Voice Culture

has organized a class and will take private pupils, apply at R. S. Williams & Co.'s piano rooms, Yonge Street.

MISS CHENEY will accept concert engagements, or as soprano soloist in a choir.

Men's Youths' & Boys'

LIGHT-WEIGHT

SPRING OVERCOATS

In the above goods we excel this spring; we have had made up a tremendous stock, all sizes from 24 up to 46 inches, consequently we can fit the smallest boy or the largest man, and what is more we can produce

ANY SHADE OR ANY PRICE

OAK HALL,

115 to 121 King Street East,

TORONTO.

WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager.

PIANOS 68 KING ST. WEST

ORGANS 68 KING ST. WEST

The DOMINION COMPANY possesses the most complete manufactory in British America, employs the most skilful workmen and the best materials, and there is no reason to believe that it cannot manufacture as good instruments as the best in the United States. As evidence that they do, witness their extended Foreign and Home Trade; their long list of First Prizes obtained at home in honorable competition, being more than all other companies in Canada put together, the unanimity of the voice of the press in their praise—the honorable mention of the rapid growth of this company and its proud position in European centers, made by our public men in their speeches; the honorable distinction conferred by our Governor-General, Lord Lansdowne, in the selection of a "Dominion" Piano for Rideau Hall; the partiality shown them by Toronto musicians in the selection of Dominion Pianos for over 200 of their public concerts within the last twelve months, and the enormous increase in the city business s'one of over 800 per cent. within the last four years.

THE NEW PROPRIETORS

Are now refitting and enlarging in the most artistic, convenient and modern manner their extensive warerooms on King street west, already the largest and best stocked in Canada.

J. S. POWLEY & CO., 68 King Street West, Toronto

FILTERS

MAIGNEN'S PATENT "FILTRE RAPIDE"

Adopted by Her Majesty's Government, England; the present Regulation Field Hospital Filter in Her Majesty's army; used by Lord Wolseley during the Nile Expedition; used by Her Majesty during Jubilee Celebration; the only Filter permitted to be used during the Fisheries, Health, Invention, and Colonial Exhibitions. Anyone desirous of seeing the practical outcome of this Filter's work need only call at the unfiltered and filtered water in the window of 18 King street east to be satisfied of its valuable properties. Is the City water pure? Come and see!

JOHN ORCHARD & CO., 18 King St. East, Toronto

Patent Covers for holding Saturday Night

Simple and strong. Order one and save your papers from getting torn or lost. Price $1.25. Cost of carriage extra. Being too large to be sent by mail, it must be shipped by express. Address,

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO.

9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

AVOID THE COUNTERFEIT! PURSUE THE GENUINE!

If there was nothing genuine there, we did not be nothing to counterfeit.

And if pure goods can be had anywhere, that's the place to go, but be sure the place has a good name before you enter it or you may be pursuaded to invest, much to your own disadvantage.

If you intend entertaining your friends do it well or they will not consider your friendship worth anything. If you do not know what would be nice, or what would be the proper thing to do—you can get valuable aid by asking for information at Harry Webb's 447 Yonge street it will not cost you anything, or, if you prefer it, you can leave it all to him, and you will find it as safe in his hands as in your own. Send for estimates, or send your orders to

HARRY WEBB, 447 YONGE STREET